MODERN AGE

A CONSERVATIVE REVIEW

Volume 2 FALL 1958 Number 4

A SPECIAL NUMBER ON THE SOUTH

Robert Y. Drake—What It Means to be a Southerner
Louis D. Rubin, Jr.—
The Coming Centennial of the Civil War
Kelsie B. Harder—John Crowe Ransom as Economist

INTEGRATION, PRUDENCE, AND PRINCIPLE
(A Symposium):

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Moderation: The Noblest Gift of Heaven
Francis Russell—Nibelungen Song

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A Conservative Review

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Norms Conventions, and the South

ON FEW SUBJECTS HAS MORE nonsense been uttered, in this century, than the meaning of the concept "norm." The confused discussion, these past few years, of convention, conformity, and intellectuality is bound up necessarily with the understanding—or misunderstanding—of the word "norm." I propose here to endeavor to bring some order into this discussion, and to illustrate my argument by reference to the prevalent opinions and the society of the Southern states of the American Republic.

A norm is an enduring standard. It is a law of our nature, which we ignore at our peril. It is a rule of human conduct and a measure of public virtue. The norm does not mean the average, the median, the mean, the mediocre. The norm is not the conduct of the average sensual man. A norm is not simply a measure of average performance within a group. There is law for man, and law for thing; the late Alfred Kinsey notwithstanding, the norm for the wasp and the snake is not the norm for man. A norm has an objective existence: though men may ignore or forget a norm, still that norm does not cease to be, nor does it cease to influence men. A man apprehends a norm, or fails to apprehend it; but he does not create or destroy norms.

Nowadays I run the risk of seeming platitudinous when I write such things as these. Only a few years ago, however, I should have run the risk of appearing a hopeless obscurant if I had said such things. We have learnt a good deal, meanwhile, about the ineluctable character of norms: we have learnt from the disasters of an era in which norms were forgot or denied—in which ideology was substituted for moral standards and principles of justice. We have discovered that if there were no norms for man, it would be necessary for us to invent some.

But I do not propose to invent norms. The sanction for obedience to norms must come from a source more than human: men do not submit long to their own creations. Standards erected out of expediency will be demolished, soon enough, also out of expediency. Either norms have an existence independent of social utility, or they are mere fictions. If men assume that norms are merely the pompous fabrications of their ancestors, got up to serve the interests of a faction or an age, then every rising generation will challenge the principles of personal and social order, and will learn wisdom only through agony. For a half a century, we have been experiencing the consequences of a moral and social neoterism. No, norms cannot be invented. All that we can do is to reawaken our consciousness to the existence of norms: to confess that there are enduring standards superior to our petty personal private stock of rationality.

An inhumane view of human life speedily leads to an inhumane political order. Men in society must subscribe to some body of principles or doctrines; and when they have lost sight of norms, they attach themselves in panic to some fanatic set of secular dogmas. For a generation and more, many men have tried to make ideology serve a normative end; and they have failed.

Indulge me in one anecdote. An old friend of mine, whom we may call Mr. Stewart, for years has gone about quizzing people as to their first principles, after the fashion of Socrates. He is particularly interested in whether they make any distinction between virtue and vice; or, at least, whether they acknowledge any means for measuring virtue and vice. I found him in

colloquy, one day, with an educated man whom we may call Dr. Nemo. Mr. Stewart was experiencing some difficulty in persuading Dr. Nemo to affirm any first principle. Everything, Dr. Nemo implied, is subjective and relative and tentative and—well, ambivalent.

"Which was the better man, do you think," Mr. Stewart inquired, "Nero or Jesus Christ?" (He was aware that Dr. Nemo believed Jesus to have been man only.)

But Dr. Nemo refused to sit in judgment on this difficult question. We don't have all the facts, he said; and there might be Nero's childhood to consider; and the two had different environments; and it all depended on one's point of view. It became clear that Dr. Nemo felt a marked aversion to acknowledging any norm. Dr. Nemo affirmed one thing only, that he was a liberal. Liberals, he explained, know that there are two sides to every question, and that we ought to sheer away from prejudices, and that we have no right to come to any conclusions until all the facts are available and scientific tests are applied. Morals, besides, are the products of cultural circumstances.

"Who is the better man," Mr. Stewart persisted, "Hitler or Stalin?"

"Let's not reduce matters to absurdity," said Dr. Nemo. "Stalin is the better man, of course."

So, after all, Dr. Nemo did acknowledge the existence of some norms. Stalin, he believed, was a Man of Good Will; whatever his peccadillos of taste and temper, Stalin —in Dr. Nemo's opinion—was a champion of Progress and Equality. Possibly Dr. Nemo's judgment is altered today. Just here, however, I am not concerned with the relative degrees of iniquity of Hitler and Stalin. My point is that Dr. Nemo and persons like him—persons influenced by what the late Gordon Chalmers called "disintegrated liberalism"—recognize certain norms even at the moment they deny the existence of eternal standards. But their norms have the sanction only of ideological commitment; and that is a dangerous sanction, often leading to erroneous judgments of men like Stalin. Dr. Nemo held rather a kind opinion of Stalin because he thought Stalin shared his own vague humanitarian preferences. Progress and Equality are charismatic terms, god-terms, for Dr. Nemo. These abstract concepts of his are derived, however remotely, from certain traditional norms. If Dr. Nemo really had discarded norms altogether, he would not have been able to believe even in Progress and Equality. Although he feared that Mr. Stewart might entrap him in some illiberal set of doctrines by obtaining his judgment concerning Nero and Jesus, he could not resist sitting in judgment when his ideological affections were in question.

With a man who maintains that there are no real standards for moral judgment of any sort, it is impossible to argue. Even Samuel Johnson, when told of a gentleman who maintained that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, contented himself with observing, "Why, then, let us count our spoons when he leaves." The most formidable of skeptics, David Hume, in his *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, puts this matter with his usual conciseness:

> Disputes with men, pertinaciously obstinate in their principles, are, of all others, the most irksome; except, perhaps, those with persons, entirely disingenuous, who really do not believe the opinions they defend, but engage in the controversy, from affectation, from a spirit of opposition, or from a desire of showing wit and ingenuity, superior to the rest of mankind. . . . Those who have denied the reality of moral distinctions, may be ranked among the disingenuous disputants; nor is it conceivable, that any human creature could ever seriously believe, that all characters and actions were alike entitled to the affection and regard of everyone. . . . Let a man's insensibility be ever so great, he must often be touched with the images of Right and Wrong; and let his prejudices

be ever so obstinate, he must observe, that others are susceptible of like impressions. The only way, therefore, of converting an antagonist of this kind, is to leave him to himself.

So I do not propose to undertake just now a task from which even Hume shrank; I do not intend to try to refute the nihilist by the methods of pure reason. I do not mean to survey the whole venerable controversy which has sprung up perennially, over twenty-six centuries, concerning the existence and character of norms. To awaken an apprehension of norms was the great endeavor of Socrates and Plato; it was the constant theme of the Christian divines; it weighed on the minds of the rationalists of the eighteenth century and the positivists of the nineteenth. Nor do I intend to attempt a refutation of the positions held by the instrumentalists and the logical positivists of our century: that work already has been commenced by writers so various as C. S. Lewis, C. E. M. Joad, and Eliseo Vivas.

But I do propose to assist in the rescue of normative consciousness from the clutch of ideology. For it ought to be the moral imagination which creates political doctrines, and not political doctrines which seduce the moral imagination. And our first task here is the restoration of a proper vocabulary.

A norm, I have said, is an enduring standard for private and public conduct. It is a canon of human nature. Real progress consists in the movement of mankind toward the understanding of norms, and toward conformity to norms. Real decadence consists in the movement of mankind away from the understanding of norms, and away from obedience to norms. The decay of the Greek civilization in the fifth and fourth centuries before Christ; the decline of the Roman order in the four centuries after Christ; the collapse of the medieval world in the fourteenth century; the decline of culture and the eruption of dark powers in our own twentieth century—these were times in which norms were forgotten or defied. The decay of normative understanding was at once cause and consequence of confusion in the social order.

One cannot draw up a catalogue of norms like an inventory of goods. Normality inheres in some sensible object, and norms depend one upon another, like the stones of a cathedral. But it is possible to say that there is a norm of charity; a norm of justice; a norm of freedom; a norm of duty; a norm of fortitude. Most of us perceive these norms clearly only when they are part and parcel of the life of a human being. Aristotle made norms recognizable by describing his "great-souled man," the upright person and citizen. For the Christian, the norm is made flesh in the person of Christ. Normality is not what man ordinarily possesses; it is what he ought to try to possess.

When I speak of a "norm," I do not mean a "value." A value is the quality of worth. Many things are worthwhile that are not norms. When most writers nowadays employ the word "value" as a term of philosophy, moreover, they mean "subjective value"—that is, the quality of being worthwhile, of giving pleasure or satisfaction to individuals, without judgment upon the intrinsic, absolute, essential merit of the sensation or action in question; without reference to its objective deserts. In the subjective sense, going to church is a value for some persons, and going to a brothel is a value for others. A norm is not simply a value. A norm endures in its own right, whether or not it gives pleasure to individuals. A norm is the standard against which any alleged value must be measured.

So much, just now, for definition. I am embarked upon a task thoroughly conservative and thoroughly unpopular. The unabashed defender of traditional norms, and the unregenerate champion of prescriptive institutions—though they have gained some ground in the recent years—remain a Remnant.

Now for the restoration of eternal moral values, or norms, the understanding of the

problem must extend beyond any narrow circle of intellectuals. The little knots of Stoics, isolated from the Roman masses, could retard the decay of their sprawling society; but they could not renew the vitality of their social order; and it was only in the hour of that order's destruction that inner order in soul and personality was restored by Christianity: by that religion, in Augustine's words, which has existed since the beginning of the world, but now takes the name of Christianity.

The urgency of this need for the restoration of a normative consciousness is recognized nowadays even in the pages of those journals long devoted to the cause of a pragmatic or positivistic secular liberalism. Dean Robert Fitch, for instance, has been forcefully reminding the liberal intellectuals that the social disasters of our time of troubles, man's inhumanity to man, are the natural and inevitable consequence of a decay of moral principle and practice—of a failure of intellect and conscience. Professor Arthur Bestor observes that American liberals, by their infatuation with Dewey's instrumentalism and similar doctrines, have lost the sanction and force of their own humanitarian objectives, and have allowed their intellectual clothes to be carried off by the conservatives. I do not mean to belabor this point. It may suffice to quote from a man of skeptical and sardonic genius, George Bernard Shaw. In *Back to Methuselah* (1921), Shaw recognized that if religion is lacking, human society becomes intolerable; for if no norms are observed, men behave like the beasts from which they are ascended. Shaw wrote:

> ...goodnatured unambitious men are cowards when they have no religion. They are dominated and exploited not only by greedy and often halfwitted and half-alive weaklings who will do anything for cigars, champagne, motor cars, and the more childish and selfish uses of money, but by able and sound administrators who can do nothing else with them than dominate and exploit them. Government and exploitation become synonymous under such circumstances; and the world is finally ruled by the childish, the brigands, and the blackguards. Those who refuse to stand in with them are persecuted and occasionally executed when they give any trouble to the exploiters. They fall into poverty when they lack lucrative specific talents. At the present moment one half of Europe, having knocked the other half down, is trying to kick it to death, and may succeed: a procedure which is, logically, sound Neo-Darwinism. And the goodnatured majority are looking on in helpless horror, or allowing themselves to be persuaded by the newspapers of their exploiters that the kicking is not only a sound commercial investment, but an act of divine justice of which they are the ardent instruments.

One may acknowledge the acuteness of this insight without subscribing to the curious religion, or quasi-religion, which Shaw sets forth—half seriously, half facetiously—in *Back to Methuselah*. And it ought to be said also for Shaw that he never succumbed to the illusion that ideology can substitute satisfactorily for religious principle. Unlike certain American professors of education and sociology, Shaw never indulged the fond hope that Democracy—a condition or a means, but never an end—could become the religion of the future. Nor, despite his flirtations with Fascism and Communism, did Shaw expect the totalist ideologies to realize this end. Man cannot be satisfied by worship of himself. The average sensual man is not the norm: at best, he can be only an aspirant after the norm.

So it is not only conservatives who are beginning to realize that traditional norms have at least a pragmatic sanction. Yet the discussion of this sombre problem remains perplexed by many obsolete feuds and inconsistent arguments. Some of the people who are most thoroughly aware of the dangers of ideology and the terrors of life without principle nevertheless continue to de-

nounce convention and conformity as the enemies of private and social freedom. Mr. David Riesman, for instance, after describing the sad state of the "other-directed man"—a man without knowledge of norms, a man who has no guide but the fads and foibles of his neighbors, who also are other-directed men, and therefore are unable to guide him—nevertheless appoints himself the champion of an "individualism" received like holy writ from John Stuart Mill. It is an individualism without norms, a passion for being different merely for the sake of differing, an undiscriminating defiance of authority, conformity, and convention for the sake of defiance. This doctrine leaves even Mr. Riesman's "autonomous man" in the condition of Kipling's orang-utan, with "too much Ego in his Cosmos." The only end of existence to be discerned in Mr. Riesman's argument is Diversion: an uneasy search for new pleasures. As Mr. R. P. Anschutz says of John Stuart Mill, this is only to "exchange bourgeois nonsense for bohemian nonsense." And how the autonomous man is to remain autonomous, or why, when he acknowledges no standards in life, no norms, Mr. Riesman does not even suggest.

Mr. Riesman happens to be a latter-day liberal, a revisionist liberal, a prudential liberal, well aware of the perils of ideology. His views of convention and conformity, however, are shared—with only minor exceptions—by a writer of conservative allegiance, Mr. Peter Viereck. In his recent book *The Unadjusted Man*, Mr. Viereck holds that to be unadjusted is a good in itself: the unadjusted man is "the stubborn grit in the machine," delaying the standardizing tendency of our age. Although a hard hater of Romanticism and a defender of Classicism, Mr. Viereck himself falls into the deep pit of sentimental Romanticism when he commends spontaneity, originality, and eccentricity as positive merits. Now spontaneity, originality, and eccentricity all have their proper part in life and letters; but when they are cut adrift altogether from norms—when they acknowledge no general principles—spontaneity becomes mere effervescence, originality becomes offensive egoism, and eccentricity becomes deliberate bad taste. I do not say that Mr. Viereck is unable to reconcile his opinions with a recognition of norms; I venture merely to point out that he never makes the effort, nor does he seem to be aware of this gaping hole in his argument.

Yet Mr. Riesman and Mr. Viereck at least recognize that defiance of convention and militant non-conformity need some sort of apology. Others among us remain quite ignorant that an intelligent case can be made for a convention in the service of norms and a conformity to enduring principles. These latter cry up a new convention of unconventionality and a new conformity of non-conformity, as if the civil social order had been created only so that we might have the fun of knocking it down again. Of the number of these is Professor Henry Steele Commager. His recent *Freedom, Loyalty, Dissent* is a sufficient specimen of this sort of reasoning. As Dean Fitch says of Mr. Commager's argument, "All his values turn fuzzy at the edges through his inordinate contempt for absolutes and his passion for non-conformity." To deny for the sake of denial is to live a sour life. The sort of person whom Mr. Sidney Hook calls the "ritualistic liberal" is intolerant in the cause of toleration, conformist in the championship of non-conformity.

The excesses of the ritualistic liberal, however, sometimes produce a reaction among intelligent men which has its own blindness. Because the ritualistic liberal has cried "wolf, wolf!" so shrilly and often pointlessly, some among us suggest that all this fretting about the state of society is no better than a pathological condition of the critic; that somehow sweet reason and moderation and social legislation will get us without much bother through our time of troubles. The complaints of the critic of society, whether he is a conservative or a liberal, thus are dismissed as mere Anxiety.

This latter attitude is akin to what Walter Bagehot called "the ignorant democratic

conservatism of the masses"; it is the conservatism of complacency, of smugness, of "all's right with the world"; it is the conservatism of which Brooks Adams wrote when he observed, "With conservative populations, slaughter is nature's remedy." It is a conservatism—even though many of the people who hold it may call themselves liberals—ignorant of norms. It is the kind of conservatism which gave John Stuart Mill some justification for calling conservatives "the stupid party."

But this is not the conservatism of reflection which that tolerant liberal Walter Bagehot commended. The conservative with imagination knows that order in personality and order in society are possible only through an observance of norms. What the intelligent conservative is trying to conserve is the norms of private and public life: the ancient principles that keep man truly human. There is no shallower taunt than the question some superficial liberals put to conservatives, "Who are the conservatives in Russia? Is Khrushchev a conservative?" The answer is, of course, that there are no known conservatives in Russia; were they known, they would be sent to Vorkuta. For Communism is the enemy of those norms which intelligent conservatives defend. The word "conservatism" is not simply a term of relation; it does not mean simply an attitude of defending whatever exists in society at a given moment. On the contrary, the conservative of imagination usually feels that the time is out of joint, and though he may lament that ever he was born to set it right, still he contends for those norms of which every society, in one way or another, and in varying degrees, falls short. It is not "capitalism," as such, that the conservative loves; it is the norm of justice. It is not old-fangled ways, as such, that the conservative defends; it is the wisdom of our ancestors that is bound up with many of those ways.

And so the intelligent conservative neither denounces conformity and convention indiscriminately, nor defends every custom and institution of the passing hour. What he respects is a sound conformity to abiding principles and a healthy convention which keeps the knife from our throats. Conformity to enduring moral truths is not servile. Obedience to the conventions of the just social order is not stupid. In our time, when the fountains of the great deep are broken up, conformity and convention of the higher sort deserve the support of every man who values civilization. Coleridge says that there are two great elements in any society, its Permanence and its Progression. The Permanence of a state, roughly speaking, is its conservative interest; its Progression, what nowadays we call its liberal interest. There are ages in which intelligent people would do well to ally themselves with the Progression of their nation, to contend against stagnation; for a society without the means of renewal is not long for this world. But our time is not such an age. Our modern peril, rather, is that the traditions of civility will be swallowed up in the rush of appetite and will; with us, the expectation of change is greater than the expectation of continuity, and generation scarcely links with generation. In the twentieth century, it is our Permanence, not our Progression, which needs the assistance of thinking men and women.

Now conventions are the means by which obedience to norms is inculcated in a society. Conventions are compacts by which we agree to respect one another's dignity and rights. A high degree of respect for convention is quite consonant with a high degree of personality, even of eccentricity. Many of the great "characters," indeed, are the great champions of convention: the names of Samuel Johnson and Disraeli, John Adams and Theodore Roosevelt may suffice to illustrate my meaning. There is no necessary opposition between strong outward indifference to foible and strong inward loyalty to norms. Nowhere has this union of ardent personality with attachment to convention been stronger than in the American South. And to make myself clear, I digress here briefly upon that arch-Southerner John Randolph of Roanoke.

No important political leader ever was more eccentric than Randolph, whose genius was tinged with madness. John Randolph is the most interesting man in American political history, his wisdom and eloquence curiously intertwined with vituperation, duels, brandy, agriculture, solitude, and tragedy. Through Calhoun, Cheves, and many others, Randolph's opinions were stamped indelibly upon the South; and his life was the romancer's notion of a Southern aristocrat's career. In almost all outward things, Randolph declined to conform to the great tendencies of his time, which he thought an age profoundly decadent.

But in all important inward things, John Randolph conformed to those norms and defended those conventions which go back to Sinai and the banks of the Ilyssus. A fervent Christian, a champion of tradition, the principal American expounder of Burke's conservative politics, Randolph of Roanoke abided by enduring standards in defiance of power, popularity, and the intellectual climate of opinion of his era. There are certain great principles, Randolph said, which we ignore only at our extreme peril; and if those principles are flouted long enough, private character and the social order sink beyond restoration.

In this, as in much else, Randolph was the exemplar of the Southern society. For the South has long been the Permanence of the American nation. Strongly attached to Christian belief, bound up with the land and the agricultural interest, skeptical of the visions of Progress and human perfectibility, imbued with the tragic sense of life, the South has not been ashamed to defend convention and continuity in this great, swelling, confusing Republic: to abide by ancient norms of private and public life. The problem of the races informed Southerners that society's tribulations are not susceptible of simple abstract remedy; the rural life kept the South aware of the vanity of human wishes, the existence of Providential purpose, and the immortal contract of eternal society; the political and literary traditions of the Southern states endured little altered by the nineteenth- and twentieth-century passion for innovation. Military valor, courtesy toward women, and the pieties of community, home, and family persisted in the South despite defeat and poverty and the intellectual ascendancy of the North. When Dinos seemed to be king everywhere else in the United States, the old allegiance to eternal verities lived on in the Southern region.

So it is that in our time of troubles the South has something to teach the modern world. So it is, as Mr. Donald Davidson says, that the modern South has a great literature: for literature is created out of belief and tradition—even when the writer dissents from belief and tradition, still he must have norms from which to dissent, if his work is to endure—and in an era of literary nihilism, Southern writers still recognize those enduring elements of human nature, including the splendor and tragedy of human existence, that are the stuff of which great poetry and prose are made. Belief in normality, and defense of convention, have not lain like lead upon Southern thought and life; on the contrary, these have been the foundations of Southern achievement.

Once a progressive gentleman in Nashville informed me that the Southern respect for tradition was contemptible; in his city, he said, this so-called tradition went back only three generations. Well, I replied, this is precisely one hundred years superior to *no* tradition. But of course Southern norms and conventions have their real roots in classical and Christian antiquity. An interesting book, I believe, could be written about the influence of Cicero upon Southerners: upon their oratory, their politics, their whole view of the civil social order. And aside from Christian teaching, Cicero has been the greatest preceptor of norms in the Western world—greater even than Plato or Virgil in his influence. In its taste for imaginative literature, similarly, the South has chosen for its favorite authors the champions of norm and convention. Mark Twain believed that Southerners derived

from Sir Walter Scott an affection for sham, pretense, and romantic nonsense. Scott was, indeed, a prime favorite in the South; but I happen to believe that Southerners recognized in Walter Scott a spirit of courage, of chivalry, of loyalty, an expression of ancient truths, that was congenial to their instincts. Anyone who reads John Randolph's comments upon the Waverly novels will perceive that this Southern affinity for the Wizard of the North was more than snobbery and foolery.

The South, then, has been the Permanence of America: the defender—sometimes consciously, sometimes blindly—of principles immensely ancient, of conventions that yet have meaning. How much longer the South will fulfill this function, I do not venture to predict here. I am aware of all those powerful influences, material and intellectual, which are changing the South today. It may be that the South, in the end, will be made homogeneous with all the rest of the nation, and that its peculiar role as conservator of norm and convention will be terminated. But if this comes to pass, the South will have ceased to exist: it will have lost its genius.

To the mind of the doctrinaire liberal, the zealot for Progress and Uniformity, in the North and in Europe, our Southern states seem the incarnation of all things reactionary, obscurantist, and hateful. The Broadway plays reflect this detestation, and the Communist caricatures of America. A well-known European professor, when a member of the faculty of a well-known Middlewestern university, set two fees for public lectures: three hundred dollars for a lecture anywhere in the United States except the South, and six hundred dollars for any lecture south of Mason's and Dixon's Line. He was an utopian liberal; and though he never had been in the South, he was convinced he knew all its sins. (No Southern university or college, however, happened to invite him to speak.)

This hostility usually fastens upon certain institutions or customs for its excuse: the poll-tax, share-cropping, segregated schools, and all that. But behind these asserted reasons for denouncing the South lies a deeper prejudice. The twentieth-century ideologue—who, as Hawthorne said of the Abolitionist, brandishes his one idea like an iron flail—has his own form of bigotry. He detests and dreads the South because he senses that the South still stands resolute in defense of norms and conventions. To the ritualistic liberal, the South is what Santayana called "the voice of a forlorn and dispossessed orthodoxy," rudely breaking in upon the equalitarian dreams and terrestrial-paradise schemes of the neoterist. As Santayana added, this voice is the more disquieting because nowadays it is scarcely understood. To the Gnostic visionary, to the secularist worshipper of Progress and Uniformity, respect for norms and conventions is the mark of the beast. The convictions and customs of the South perpetually irritate the radical reformer, who is impatient to sweep away every obstacle to the coming of his standardized, regulated, mechanized, unified world, purged of faith, variety, and ancient longings. Permanence he cannot abide; and the South is Permanence. He hungers after a state like a tapioca-pudding, composed of so many identical globules of other-directed men. Now the troubles of our times have worried this zealot for heaven upon earth; he has secret misgivings nowadays; and the more he experiences inner doubts of the perfectibility of man and society, the more does he flail against the champions of norm and convention, endeavoring in the heat of his assault to forget the disquieting voice of a forlorn and dispossessed orthodoxy that prophesies disaster for men who would be as gods.

My argument is this. Without an apprehension of norms, there is no living in society or out of it. Without sound conventions, the civil social order dissolves. Without the South to act as its Permanence, the American Republic would be perilously out of joint. And the South need feel no shame for its defense of beliefs that were not concocted yesterday.

— R. K.

A young scholar defends his homeland.

What It Means to be a Southerner

ROBERT Y. DRAKE

IT IS APPARENT to many people that the South is today the one last stronghold of regional consciousness in the United States: the only portion of the country which can be said to have distinctive ways of looking at things—whether social, political, economic, or religious—and to speak with anything like one voice, anything like unanimity of opinion in the expression of those attitudes. Few bother to ask what the West will think about some new civil rights bill in Congress, or to consider the effect of a new pronouncement from the Vatican on the churches of New England. But the South remains an entity, however poorly defined in the minds of most Americans. For some of them it is a land of sudden and inexplicable violence, hot passionate hatreds which sometimes cool down enough to be called simply prejudices, a region fiercely zealous for what it calls its rights, brooking no interference from either secular or religious authorities.

The Southerner who lives or travels in another part of the country is constantly called on to explain to the rest of the world his native land and its people; sometimes he is even called on to apologize for it. People in the East and in the Midwest want to know how he can, as a rational human being in the twentieth century, hold some of the "outmoded" opinions that he does on economic, religious, and "social" questions. After all, this is the age of science and progress. Why is the Southerner, then, so prejudiced? Well, then, what does it mean to be a Southerner?

First of all, to be a Southerner is to have something called an historical consciousness. Southerners are frequently accused of ancestor worship, living in the past, not keeping up with the times, and finally, with that most heinous indictment of all, of not being "progressive." For the Southerner, history is a part of himself and his "background"—one of those shadowy words which people like school teachers and scholars often use to throw dust into the enemy's eyes. The Southerner's historical consciousness flies directly in the face of the assumptions made by the scientific world, which may, for our purposes, be easily identified with the more industrial and "progressive" North and East.

For the gentlemen of science are convinced that a historical "bias" is bad; and,

indeed, so great is the prestige of the scientific method in our day that many historians believe that it is really possible to write history without bias, prejudice, fear, or favor. On the other hand, I believe that the Southerner is inclined to disagree with this assumption, whether he has ever gotten around to thinking about it or not. For the Southerner believes that, since we live in a world in which space and time help to define all that passes for experience, space and time must be pretty important, so important, in fact, that one cannot hope to dissociate experience from them without encountering certain grave perils, perhaps even, if I may be so bold, the peril of madness and Hell. The Southerner's religion, about which I shall have more to say presently, commits him to believing that God Almighty has sanctified this terrestrial world in which we live and that the ultimate sign of His approval is evidenced in the fact that He saw fit to make the supreme revelation of Himself to sinful men in the Person of Jesus Christ, a very real man who was none the less perfect, a very real man living in time and space who was nevertheless God Himself.

Therefore the Southerner knows that it is foolish, if not downright impious, to try to see persons or events in any guise but the historical. For it is the Southerner's persuasion that it is only in history that we may know eternity. Thus the Southerner is never content to know to *whom* something happened. It is equally important to know *where* and *when* it happened. In other words, it is this totality of experience, this concern not only with *who* and *what* but also *where* and *when*, which constitutes the Southerner's historical consciousness.

I should be misleading if I were not quick to admit that this gift (and indeed it is a gracious one) can be used in the wrong way, as all gifts can. Used perversely, it can lead to an absurd preoccupation with history, as is evidenced in the superpatriotic societies which seek to confer on themselves the meritorious attributes of their illustrious, but quite dead, forebears. It can lead to a narrow sectionalism which is unwilling to admit that there is anything to be said for the interests of Northern industry and labor, or that there is anything good about living in Boston or farming in Nebraska. These are the people who spend their time wondering, among other things, what might have happened if France and England had intervened on the side of the Confederacy or if Stonewall Jackson had not been killed at Chancellorsville. They are ungracious when they visit other regions and earn, for the whole South, the judgment of bigotry and ignorance and thus make the task of the Southerner of good will (and I sometimes wonder how many of these blessed, if somewhat apocryphal, creatures there really are) even harder than it is.

In the second place, to be a Southerner is to be tolerant, in the best sense of that much abused word. I know this observation will come as a surprise to those who have had their thinking (if indeed it can be called that) directed by the minions of Madison Avenue and the other demoniacal powers of the world of mass communication. But Southerners are really very tolerant and quite peaceably inclined, despite the accounts circulated in the national press about lynching, mob violence, and so forth. Everyone who has had any real knowledge of Southern affairs knows that race relations have steadily improved since the Civil War until the present. Where else in the world can one see two widely disparate peoples (disparate in the sense of economics, tradition, and education, but not necessarily in the sense of native endowment), one of whom is but three or four generations removed from slavery, living together in a state of peace and comparative harmony? Have there been race riots in Memphis or Atlanta to compare with those in Chicago or Detroit? Is our so-called discrimination or segregation any worse than the smugly hypocritical restrictions of the North and East which force many Negro children to go to schools that are segregated by the insidious device of "zoning"?

Is this any worse than the fact that there is not one important professorship or administrative position at Harvard or Yale or at any other great "national" school held by a Negro? Is it any worse than the pharisaical duplicity which, until recently, denied Marian Anderson a hotel room in New York after she had given a concert before a capacity audience at Carnegie Hall?

But Southerners are tolerant, I maintain. And I think I know why. It is because they are not so foolish as to believe that there are no differences between people, in spite of what the august gentlemen of the Supreme Court may say. The Southerner knows that people *are* different, that they were created by God Almighty different so that they might reflect back to Him His inscrutable glory in all its rich perfection. This, of course, does not mean that all men are not equal; all this stir about "equality" is really due to a perversion of the idea of unity in diversity. For I suspect that what the Southerner is most vitally concerned about is not the preservation of unequal status, but the preservation of the characteristic racial differences, to lose which would seem, to him, disastrous. Therefore, when he talks about preserving racial integrity, he is not merely talking a lot of nonsense designed to hide the fact that he is in reality plotting to hold the Negro in abject bondage for another three hundred years. He is vitally concerned, instead, to preserve both for himself and his black brother their own racial (and therefore personal) identities, the loss of which would produce a mass of people who would surely be neither "racial," "regional," nor "equal," except insofar as they were all equally depersonalized creatures, lacking racial or cultural identity. The Southerner knows that under any such mongrelization everybody would lose.

But, as I have said, Southerners are tolerant and, above all, charitable. For the most part, they have dealt fairly with their less fortunate brethren, both black and white, because they can never regard people as less than individuals, less than total personalities. The Southerner does not believe that you can abstract from the individual his identity and treat him as a ward of the state, a "client" on "relief," or as the object of a "social program" without compromising his integrity. He knows that "relief" comes from the head, but "charity" comes from the heart. This is why the "welfare" programs have been more backward in the South than they have in more "progressive" parts of the country. Indeed, I am inclined to think that this reluctance of the Southerner to employ public support for private charity is a more important factor in this so-called "culture lag" than the more obvious lack of funds.

This charity, as I have intimated, is the result of the Southerner's refusal to see people in the mass, on a statistical chart, in the abstract, or in any other guise than what they are—immortal souls, all equally precious in the sight of God. This assumption underlies his whole thinking on the racial problem and on programs for social betterment at public expense. It explains his vital interest in people, not simply as objects of scientific study, but as real, live individuals, with good traits, lamentable faults, and all else that flesh is heir to. This is the reason that Southerners do not, on the whole, make good reformers—because they know too much about man's nature already and do not hope to remake the world tomorrow morning by having a group of sociologists and city planning experts sit down around a conference table in Washington or New York. For Southerners have always distrusted secular solutions to problems, both of the flesh and of the spirit; such solutions seem too often to treat the human being as a thing rather than a person. And for this reason many Southerners have resented and fought such agencies as the W. P. A. and even the T. V. A., though it was not often to their economic advantage to do so. Such assumptions lie equally behind the Southerner's militant hostility to the N. A. A. C. P.

It follows from what I have just said that

a Southerner is an individualist and, if necessary, a non-conformist. One of the most distressing of his characteristics—at least, for people in other parts of the country—is his unwillingness to be pigeon-holed or forced into the Procrustean bed of any kind of pattern or scheme. He respects the right of any individual to differ with him, but he also demands the right to form his own opinions and to make decisions concerning his own affairs in accord with what he thinks are his best interests, regardless of what someone on a Northern magazine thinks. In everything that he does the Southerner insists on acting as a total personality, as a whole man. The schizophrenia of the divided personality, that peculiar curse of the industrial society in which the individual *thinks* in accordance with one set of ideas, such as "efficiency," "mass production," "exploitation," (which he probably calls "development,") and yet *feels* in accordance with an older and more compassionate sensibility, is a fairly uncommon phenomenon in the South. I should add, though, that there are many people who are all too eager to find the solution to all the South's problems—social and economic—in a thorough-going industrialization of the region and thus to create in the South the same apocalyptic conditions which they abhor elsewhere.

Subsumed under the historical consciousness mentioned previously, but worthy of treatment by itself, is another item in the Southerner's creed-tradition. The South is surely one of the last strongholds of the life of tradition, of doing things as they have been done for a long time, not from any idolatrous sense of duty, but because subordination to tradition is a means of defining one's direction in life and of giving one's whole life greater dimension and depth. Tradition is a sort of secular Communion of the Saints, if you will, which ties in the living with those who have gone before and with those who are yet to come, with all the company of Heaven. This reverence for tradition does not end in serving tradition for its own sake, which at best is a sort of Shintoism; but it results in a using of tradition, and all the defined conditions which are a part of tradition, as a means of giving the fullest expression to the individual self. Tradition provides the justification or warrant for using one's own circumscribed existence as a sort of focus, as it were, of all that is good and true in life; and thereby the individual life is given depth and grounding in something larger, something perhaps eternal.

This fact accounts, to my mind, for the glorious Renaissance now being enjoyed by Southern literature. Everywhere people are talking about William Faulkner, surely the most distinguished living American writer and by some people regarded as the twentieth-century world's greatest. They are talking about Eudora Welty, that marvelously gifted writer from Jackson, Mississippi, who has shown a vast knowledge of the affairs of the human heart and yet a humble reverence for the heart's reasons which cannot be searched out, and about Robert Penn Warren, who has realized in the historical novel what many people feel are its most ambitious possibilities. In the scholarly and critical world the names of Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Cleanth Brooks, and Donald Davidson—all Southerners and all, in some sense, traditionalists—are acclaimed. For, indeed, it is this fact of tradition which is the Southern writer's peculiar and precious heritage. He has a focus, a flexible and yet unyielding form ready to hand in which to express his ideas on life and death and love and hate and all the other sad and yet true and beautiful themes which have ever been the subject of the world's greatest literature. Thus the Southern writer never writes in a vacuum, the way such "realists" as Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis often do. Instead of simply *who* and *what,* the subjects with which most modern authors—poets, playwrights, novelists, and all—are concerned, the Southern author has, in addition, two more things: *when* and *where.* That these two additional "forms" are of ultimate importance is shown by the fact that it is

the Southern author's firm conviction that it is only when you know the *when* and the *where*, as well as the *who* and the *what*, that you can really know the *why*, which is perhaps the most important question that the artist, or for that matter any of us, is ever called on to answer. The Southern writer, therefore, can never treat his material in any other way than this. He must see his characters as whole, total personalities, living in a particular time and place, working out their individual salvations in particular terms, never saved by programs or subsidies, but by something without, above and beyond, perhaps, finally, by the saving Word itself.

And this brings me to my last point about the Southerner, a point which I do not venture to treat lightly for it seems to me one of the most "Southern" of his attributes. It is one which has been misunderstood again and again, often denounced and sometimes mocked; yet it cannot be ignored. It is the Southerner's religion—his Christianity. The South is sometimes called, by people in more "enlightened" parts of the country, the Bible Belt. H. L. Mencken and others were convinced that this fact—the South's fiercely Protestant Christianity—militated strongly against the South's ever producing anything of permanent artistic worth. To such critics the South was the "Sahara of the Bozart." And it is a familiar jibe in the popular press that Tennesseans are still uneasy because Clarence Darrow made a monkey out of William Jennings Bryan, in more ways than one. The South comes in for some more condescension on the part of the more Catholic-minded Christians, who are convinced that the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians of the South cannot know the full joys of the redeemed unless they become Roman Catholics or, at the very least, High Church Episcopalians. Such Catholic critics seem to be unaware that, up until now, the South has never felt the need for more tradition, more history, or more Apostolic Succession in its Christianity. It has been quite well content with such tradition as a close scrutiny of the King James Bible (sometimes to the point of the ridiculous) has been able to produce. By and large, the South has just about as much time for the Pope as it does for a New York sociologist—and for the same reasons: that both would tend to deprive it of its peculiar heritage and treat it in accordance with an abstract principle of "conformity," which is really what the lamenters of social injustice in the South are advocating when they beat the drums for "equality." (Indeed, I have privately begun to suspect that what the social-justice zealots really want is not so much "equality" or even "conformity" as "mediocrity." And the South has always declined to be mediocre, whatever else it may have been.)

But the South's religion has been a part of its living tradition; it has even formed a part of its mythic consciousness, as we know from the stories of Roark Bradford. The same folk spirit that has sung about Davy Crockett and Casey Jones has shown an equal gift for shaping its whole vital consciousness around the fearful but marvelous humanity of the patriarchs and apostles and finally around the scandal, mystery, and glory of the Incarnation itself. The South's Christianity, by definition overwhelmingly Protestant, has commanded individuality and tolerance—sometimes to the point of complete anarchy in religious affairs. And yet this is always the price of freedom, one of its concomitant risks which must be accepted with responsibility and good will. As one would expect, the South has remained fiercely opposed to external authority in religion as in other matters, still upholding the right (I would almost say the duty) of individual choice and determination. And although this may at times lead to schism and finally to heresy, the South has been willing to take the risk. However, I will go further and say that this militantly Protestant Christianity, like the more secular "tradition" mentioned previously, has helped to provide the spiritual climate necessary for the modern Southern

writer's uniqueness. For any Southern writer must have grown up believing that he must work out his own salvation in fear and trembling and that the wind still bloweth where it listeth.

The fierce Calvinism which infected even the non-Calvinistic churches of the South made it difficult for the Southern writer to trust abstract human reason because he had grown up believing that it was so corrupted by sin that it could not, by searching, find out either God or the truth. All revelation, all justification, must come from God. And this combination of secular and religious tradition, I am happy to think, persuaded the Southern artist not to waste his time in vain endeavors to fabricate a "romantic" myth after the fashion of Henry James, who had to turn to Europe for the tradition of which industrial New England had been bereft, or a "realistic" myth like the later proletarian writers, who hoped to be saved by the abstraction of social consciousness. Rather, the Southern writer has been content to accept, as myth, the traditional life in which he naturally found himself, hoping to discern in the sound and the fury that central peace which is the form of art, giving perhaps no answers but being content to raise the same old questions about life and death, those imponderables, without examining which life would not be worth the living. Finally, the Southern artist's peculiar method may be seen as that of shaping and forming, for purposes of artistic expression, his imaginative experience by means of a living tradition, not asking as the humanists and scientists do, *what* is the truth but, more significantly, *Who* is the truth, asking finally the artist's ultimate question: how can I become a part of the truth, what must I do to be saved?

In closing, I say that I have not presumed to treat the subject of Southern characteristics exhaustively here. I could mention many more of the Southerner's peculiar traits: his love of land as a living symbol of God's providence—almost a sacrament, his hospitality, his native friendliness and warmth, his generosity to those less fortunate. On the other hand, there are some things that are not altogether to his credit. Many of these virtues which are in themselves so praiseworthy can be subverted from their proper ends, and certainly the Southerner's quite proper pride in his individuality and his region can become pernicious if allowed to run rampant over the interests and affections of others. Indeed, William Alexander Percy, the lawyer-poet of the Delta, said that one possible cause of strained relations between North and South in the decade before the Civil War was the fact that Southerners stopped thinking they were simply as good as anybody else and began thinking they were better than anyone else. And, as Eudora Welty has shown, the characteristic Southern life of the warm and loving family circle, the life which Stark Young, the drama critic and novelist from Mississippi, has called "the life of the affections," can become a living Hell when this love is diverted from its ultimate end (the love of God and one's neighbor) and is used and exploited for purely selfish purposes. But this is all by way of saying that these virtues, which I have called characteristically Southern, are no different from any other. They can be thrown over in favor of "science" and "progress"; and William Faulkner and the best Southern writers can still be renounced for the ravening wolves of the writers' conferences, who assume that writing, like any other "science," can be taught and mastered.

But the best of the Southern writers point the way to what is best in Southern life and Southern society. I should like to think that they constitute, for the Southerner, a great cloud of witnesses, encompassing him with the forceful imperative of their example, and pointing toward the surpassingly rich inheritance, the Psalmist's goodly heritage, which is the Southerner's portion—a life of the affections, a wholesome fear of God's judgment and an earnest longing for the redemptive grace of His saving Word, and finally, with all His saints, the hope of glory.

For They Shall See Death

ARTHUR STYRON

WHEN THE ROCK WAS settled, some two centuries ago, it must have been almost inaccessible. Even forty years past it was difficult to reach, approached first by a railroad and then by a long drive through the mountains. Built as a summer resort by seaboard planters with a taste for privacy, the town not only was hidden in a wilderness, but the stone houses were widely scattered and further obscured by high walls and dense forests. With its winding streets or lanes, and its stone walls and iron gates, The Rock had the look of a last citadel of feudalism; and the inhabitants strove manfully to preserve this illusion. Property was rigidly restricted, so that it was almost a century before even the 'parvenu' planters of the Deep South were able to crash the gates.

A brief digression. 'Every unpublished murder,' Daniel Webster observed once, 'takes away something from the security of every man's life.' With his ingrained predilection for order and a system of examinations and promotion, the Great Compromiser's chief concern was security: to be safe and saved seemed to him the best of all things. Once, speaking at Richmond, he denied the 'vile accusation' that he was an 'aristocrat,' thus dispelling all the aristocratic luxuries of darkness, loneliness, and danger, and making them seem mad from their own choice caprice. Conservative, optimistic, self-consciously pure in heart, he was a true prophet of a future generation destined to controvert to an anathema the beatitude: 'Cursed are the pure in blood, for they shall see Death!'

This digression may illustrate how far removed is the present-day American, of whom Webster was the distinguished precursory prototype, from the people of a little town in the Blue Ridge Mountains as I knew them some forty years ago. What makes the digression apropos is Webster's observation about unpublished murder; for The Rock (as I shall call the town) was at the time the scene of a fascinating murder-mystery that never was solved officially—which is the reason why it is fascinating. In retrospect, indeed, it does not seem even to be a crime; for, 'Numbers sanctify the crime,' and in this case an entire community was leagued to obscure the facts.

To explain this action, it is best to describe the setting, and then to present the chief characters, who, constituting a race now extinct, had lived long enough to learn that it is unwise to know everything.

The scenery of The Rock was both significant and beautiful, the story of millions of years of life painted upon the carven walls and green windows of nature. From the tiny caverns' brows, from which a spray always fell, hung the weird unmodern green of the primitive algae. Another step

in evolution revealed banks of thumb-high mosses. Across the rocks stepped dainty walking-ferns, recalling the days of the giant tree-ferns. Forests of giant hemlock, tulip-poplar, dogwood, redbud, persimmon, black-gum, black-locust, laurel, rhododendron, were interspersed with stretches of brilliantly-colored wildflowers. The wood-thrust, the Carolina wren, the nightingale, and the mocking-bird poured forth their praise of this terrestrial paradise.

Perhaps it is divine Justice that these birds should continue to exist, while the race of men who loved them has passed away; for creation is continuous, while appreciation is only contingent. The inhabitants of The Rock, like an expanding colony or 'fairy ring' of agaricaceous mushrooms, grew swiftly in the night, and as swiftly passed away and vanished with one hot, dry day; and when one tries to collect them they turn to ink, leaving in malice only a stain and a smell.

Forty years ago there was still a remnant left of the seaboard gentry who had graced The Rock for more than a century; and these were more concerned with keeping their dwindling numbers in by segregation than in keeping out parvenus by exclusiveness. Actually, segregation, whether it be that of Parnassus or of the Ghetto, is mostly self-imposed, its barriers being psychological rather than social. Even hell is a state of voluntary segregation from the punishing Beatific Vision; and it is significant that hell was abolished by the self-righteous plebeian Pharisee, as aristocratic segregation was abolished by the exclusive plutocracy.

Being desperately poor in everything except traditions, the inhabitants of The Rock had reached the stage of immaterialism where they were genuinely indifferent to material success; and being permanently unsuccessful, they necessarily took a dim view of the future (with which success is preoccupied), and hence only a rear view of Time, who revealed his bald spot and hid his forelock to be seized in a hair-pulling success contest. Like all unsuccessful people, they avoided discussing practical matters and devoted themselves to endless conversation about unprofitable pursuits, in a manner that was free, unrestrained, and a little insane. The Greeks had a word for this peculiar manner — *euphoria*, a form of gaiety that is unnatural and hence sinister, the bouquet which decay lends to the last stages of human cultivation as *la pourriture noble* lends it to choice vintage. But if the inhabitants of The Rock were unconventional, they were anything but bad-mannered, the distinction between conventionality and good manners being really the difference between the written word and the unwritten person; and if they persisted in living in the past and finding charm in things which did not really exist, that was an escape from the crudeness attendant upon practical endeavor as well as from the pretentious intellectuality of finding a solution of the riddle. The inhabitants of The Rock, far from being naive, were fiercely tough, even savage, as the result of over-civilization in contact with the frontier; and the impression of wildness they gave was really a form of self-control in danger, a habit which, in a peaceful age and society, only a vanishing and decaying aristocracy can afford to maintain. In a word, they loved and plucked the nettle of danger, while despising the flower of safety which might be left innocuously upon its stem.

It was the custom of The Families (as the old residents of The Rock were styled and capitalized) to repair to their summer retreat in June. This custom was rigidly adhered to by those who had managed to keep their 'cottages' there and could afford the expense of travel; while those less fortunate simply boarded up their 'winter' homes, lived sight-unseen in the back premises during the summer, and pretended they were away at The Rock. As the population at The Rock dwindled, the number of boarded-up houses in Charleston and New Orleans increased. In time the artless farce became rather *recherché*, in that only the most favored actors were permitted to rehearse it.

When a boy, I spent several summers at The Rock with my grandmother, whose girlhood vacations had been passed there, but whose cottage had been long since sold to help pay for the education of her children after her husband had been slain and her seaboard home burned by You-Know-Who. While she was occupied with earning a living for her growing family by 'taking in fine sewing,' Gramère had had no opportunity to visit The Rock; but when she was an old lady, and had retired from life, like a good soldier from active service, with the honors of war and a pension, she had a recurrent desire to fly to her high mountain perch and cackle. For the convenience of those who, like ourselves, had lost their cottages but could still manage to finance a few weeks at The Rock, there was a sort of inn which had formerly been a 'forensic' maintained by The Families for balls and assemblies. Just when the forensic was converted into an inn I do not know; but at the time of which I write, forty years ago, it was managed by a middle-aged German, Herr von Arnim, and his wife, Frau Bettina, assisted by a pretty and *dumm* German girl named Greta, and a Negro couple.

It was something of a mystery how the inn managed to make a profit or even to break even, for although there were never more than half a dozen guests and these only during the summer, the food was more than ample, and the rates were very low. It was even more of a mystery why a man of Herr von Arnim's character and culture should have buried himself in the wilderness as an inn-keeper; but it was the consensus among The Families that he had been forced to flee his country because of some dark crime, probably murder. In his cups, Meinherr was accustomed to boast about being a Prussian graf and once a cavalry officer; and appearances seemed to sustain these claims. He spoke several languages fluently, was a good musician, and was well versed in the natural sciences, especially botany. Like most aristocratic Germans, though, he had a heavy and melancholy disposition, desiring to be happy and yet with no talent for happiness; always sure that somewhere there must be happiness (the origin of which would manifest itself in music, flowers, and friendship), and always naively surprised to find this wasn't true. No doubt he was something of a poseur in grubbing among subtleties (*Grüblei*) and collecting specimens of flora, probably self-consciously imitating his hero, the Geheimerat Goethe; but at the same time it was undeniable that he was well-informed and very, very persevering. His other side, that of the Prussian officer with bristling mustaches, stiff carriage, and arrogant manners, was well-defined and distinctive; but he could always be forced to apologize for this arrogance by being kicked in the face, as the French maxim so aptly put it. Altogether, it seemed simple poetic justice that Herr von Arnim should have been murdered at The Rock: the Prussianized military automaton is a natural caricature of modern society, so thoroughly regimented and standardized that, like the unfruitful branch, it is worthy only of being plucked off and cast into the fire.

Certainly there was little mourning at The Rock when Meinherr's future was, so to speak, rather peremptorily hurried. The Negroes, always sensitive barometers of human atmosphere, feared and hated him. The Families, though they didn't fear him, just as cordially detested him, — in general for what he was, in particular because of his cruelly contemptuous treatment of his wife. Frau von Arnim was, indeed, a pathetic creature. Somewhat younger than her husband, and self-consciously his social inferior, she had made herself into a pattern of subservience both physical and spiritual. As a girl she must have been quite pretty; but incessant menial labor (she was an excellent housekeeper, and did most of the work herself) had withered the bloom from her beauty, while at the same time the realization that she was valued for what she did rather than for what she was, had blighted her essential womanhood. Frau Bettina didn't care, really, about her handsome husband's affair with Greta; but

she was so demoralized that she actually pretended to be jealous just to butter his male vanity. In a word, she was a perfect embodiment of the scientific estimate of woman as a sort of anthropological quirk.

The Families considered Frau von Arnim extremely tiresome with her long narrations interspersed with maxims (*Auschauungen*) and descriptive gestures, and her dumpy little figure forever racked with sighs and pants; and they agreed that there was little to be said for a female who hugged the delusion that all things were in fact what she wished them to be. Nor did The Families feel any conscientious and self-destructive pity for her: they were more amused than shocked by the tradesman's moral estimate of unfaithfulness, well knowing that the worst form of male infidelity (because women cannot compete with it) is the non-sexual pursuit of art, letters, sports, or business. In a word, their resentment against Herr von Arnim was due to the simple and obvious fact that Bettina was a Woman. Nor was this merely concrete and personal: in a broad sense, Herr von Arnim's contempt for his wife, and Bettina's humble acquiescence, constituted respectively an assault upon, and treason to, the Guild of Woman.

Herr von Arnim was both surprised and puzzled by The Families' polite hostility. Like The Families, he regarded himself as the impoverished inheritor of the martial and aristocratic tradition, and he despised the cowardly greed for safety and security, luxury and effeminacy, which constitute the chief articles of the plutocratic credo. The German got much satisfaction and pleasure from thinking that the world regarded him as happily superior, and envied him accordingly. It pleased him to think he was in the same boat (if shipwrecked) with The Families, and he marvelled that they seemed to have no appreciation of the Tie. The truth was, of course, that there was no tie, since The Families accepted as destiny what the German regarded as injustice. The Families knew quite well that the prosperous did not envy their penurious lot; and, as a matter of fact, to be envied was the last thing they desired. What they expected and most wanted from the successful was hatred, even if such hatred took the subtle form of pity. After all, hatred and pity are the stock emotions of the plebeian mind obsessed with security and bravely hopeless, to whom good works (reform) are a form of private enterprise by formulae, reducing everything, materialistically, to rule and 'order,' and destroying everything save greed.

When, therefore, Herr von Arnim complacently assumed that he shared with The Families the same genteel tradition which underwrites foregone conclusions and shuts people in a finished world where their history is foreordained to the last event, he was far from the mark. The Families had no such tradition, for two reasons. In the first place, it is *not* genteel but plutocratic, precious and tangential, a fond conceit peculiar to a puritanical and commercial society. And in the second place, The Families prized freedom, novelty, and risk, which are the values of the frontier as well as of a generic aristocracy. While von Arnim sneered at equality, The Families delightedly laughed at it — but at the same time they were far more democratic than the most equalitarian doctrinaire who prates of democracy and simultaneously caricatures it by assuming a monopoly of virtue.

On the morning when Herr von Arnim was, as Gramère expressed it, put out of his misery, I was rowing on the artificial lake bordering the inn, investigating the fringe of persimmon trees which in a few weeks would be dropping their luscious fruit. I heard the distant shot, but paid no particular attention, thinking that someone was out shooting game for supper. A little later when, having tied up the boat, I was returning to the inn, I saw Frau von Arnim running from the woods and into the inn. She appeared frightened and agitated; and since I had a natural boyish repugnance to scenes, I procrastinated behind a convenient hemlock to give things time to settle down. In a few moments I saw Gramère

leave the inn with Greta, both hurrying up the lane. I found this puzzling for several reasons. In the first place, Gramère never left the inn in the heat of the day, and never hurried. In the second place, it was incomprehensible that she should be going anywhere with Greta. In the third place—and this was the strangest of all!—Gramère was not wearing her bonnet, without which I had never known her to appear in public. For more than an hour, while I was pondering these strange happenings, things were ominously quiet. Then, suddenly, there was a fusillade of shots in the woods behind the inn. The shooting stopped as abruptly as it had begun. Immediately afterwards, Gramère returned to the inn—without Greta. Then Colonel Soissons, wearing a red hunting-cap and carrying a gun, emerged from the woods and entered the inn.

Now I was sure that something ulterior was afoot, and my native curiosity, always acute, hurried me into the inn. In the Great Room I found Gramère and Colonel Soissons engaged in earnest conversation. The latter, a tall, gaunt old man with luxuriant white hair and a well-trimmed white goatee, welcomed me with gusto. 'You're just in time, Son,' he boomed. 'How'd you like to ride over to Montville with a message for the sheriff?' I told him I should like nothing better, and asked what I should tell the sheriff. 'Just say there's been an accident; Herr von Arnim has been shot.'

'Is he dead?' I asked with a proper show of polite awe. Actually, I was not much impressed, since I too had been conditioned by catastrophe. The Colonel shook his head, and hypocritically said he was afraid so.

Gramère was eyeing me thoughtfully, as if estimating my capacity for guile. 'Be sure not to say anything *else*,' she advised.

'No, ma'am,' I said obediently; adding, 'wouldn't you like me to buy you a basket of peaches at Montville?'

Gramère surrendered to the blackmail with a sigh. Opening her reticule, she found a quarter which she handed me. 'Buy two baskets,' she said, 'one for each of us.'

When I had delivered the message to the sheriff (refusing loyally to give him any details), I dallied a short time at Montville before starting on my return trip. The distance was only ten miles; but since my mount was what was called a go-to-fro nag —that is, an animal whose forelegs, weakened by the steep trails, have a tendency to give 'way from time to time and toss the unwary rider over its head—it was almost supper time when I got back to The Rock. Gramère, fully clothed in her bonnet with crepe veil reaching the floor, and clutching her reticule, was awaiting me in the Great Room. We were, she informed me, invited to sup with Colonel Soissons and Miss Floride, and I must hurry to wash and change into my Sunday clothes.

Since we had to walk fully a half-mile to the Soissons, we had ample opportunity on the way for a preliminary discussion. The sheriff, Gramère informed me, had already arrived and departed. His investigation had been quite perfunctory; he had amiably agreed that Herr von Arnim's death was due to a deplorable hunting accident, an event not at all unusual. Colonel Soissons, Major Fedlow, and Sanford Thees had been out gunning, and in chasing and firing at a stag they had stumbled upon Meinherr's body. Apparently the German had been hit by a stray bullet.

'I heard one shot long before the others, Gramère,' I began.

'My goodness, child, you shouldn't believe every report you hear,' Gramère chided me good-humoredly. It was, I realized, a warning. 'The sheriff said there'd be an inquest just as a formality,' she went on reminiscently. 'He said it wouldn't amount to much. The only witnesses have already told him . . . what they know. Bettina, poor thing, is too indisposed to appear, and Greta has very foolishly run away.'

I was greatly surprised to hear this, since, when I had gone upstairs to change, I had seen Frau von Arnim energetically engaged in tidying the rooms, and of course I had seen Greta submissively leaving the inn with Gramère. Much later, however, these inconsistencies were explained. It

seemed that Frau von Arnim had long suspected her handsome husband of using a solitary hunting foray as a blind for keeping a tryst with a woman; and whether because she was really jealous or just curious, or whether she wished to flatter him by a show of heartburn, she had followed him this evening. She must have arrived at the scene simultaneously with or just after the first single shot I had heard. At any rate, she had found her husband's dead body with his German gun lying close by. Being naturally stupid and habitually unable to exercise any initiative, she had fled back to the inn to seek Gramère's advice. Gramère would, of course, embrace such a situation with ebullience, and she had immediately taken over. She realized at once that it was

"One at the Counter!"

Fecund with the dinner crush, the pungent
Restaurant breeds lines of salivating
Customers, edging past each other toward
The heavy velvet rope. Nostrils sting
But eyes are fixed upon the hostess, her svelte
Form swinging through the hickory smoke,
Laden with menus, like Ceres once removed;
Her clacker clicking like a castanet,
Her fingers dart the numbers; the chosen diners
Pass the rope, promoted from purgatory.

Fours and twos move swiftest; they laugh
As they sidle past the hungry threes, strange
Figure, unprofitable to feed at a square table.
The booths are for the fives and sixes; their
Company reverberates with wisecracks,
Effacing tedium.

The ones are in a separate line, strangers
To this mirth. Like monks they brood apart,
A quiet chorus musing on the rhythms
Of the crowd. They know the end of waiting:
Not the golden plush of the cushioned booths,
Nor the spacious camaraderie of
The laughing tables, but

(Unescorted by the goddess-hostess)
The cloistered silence of the counter seats.

LARRY RUBIN

a case of murder, and that Frau von Arnim was the likeliest suspect. Gramère did not herself believe this for an instant; and taking a long view, she thought it would be most unjust to punish *anyone* for putting Meinherr 'out of his misery.' Gramère's first impulse, therefore, was to get Frau Bettina to her room and warn her that she must be too shocked and too ill to talk, and the frightened and browbeaten little German woman had gratefully obeyed. Gramère's next thought was to spirit Greta away so that this would give the impression, if necessary, that she had run away and thus deflect suspicion from Frau Bettina; and Greta, both because of her guilty conscience and her habit of subservience, was easily persuaded to do as she was told.

I don't know whether Gramère suspected at the time who was the real murderer, but I rather think she did. Anyhow, she had strong reasons for wanting to make the murder look like an accident. She needed an ally, however; and her first thought was to turn to her old friends the Soissons, who were conveniently nearby. The Colonel had immediately rushed out to organize a small impromptu hunting party of close neighbors, to do a bit of shooting and 'discover' Meinherr's body. I had no doubt now that Greta was in hiding somewhere in Miss Floride's upper chambers. What occurred after Gramère's return to and Colonel Soisson's arrival at the inn, I have already related. Of course I did not express these thoughts to Gramère—indeed, at the time I had not so ordered them. So that, if Gramère now said that Frau von Arnim was too ill to be interviewed, and Greta had fled to an unknown hiding place, that settled the matter. I broached a contingent subject by asking, 'Won't there have to be a medical examination, Gramère?'

'Of course. Fortunately, Dr. Lambert happens to be at The Rock, and the sheriff has left it to him to make the necessary examination.' For some reason this prospect made the old creature smile broadly. I asked where the body was. 'Oh, in St. John's. We decided it was best not to distress poor Bettina by taking it to the inn. The sheriff is sending the undertaker tomorrow morning, and the interment will take place in the evening'—meaning, afternoon. Gramère looked very smug. 'We thought that everything should be done with as little ostentation as possible.'

We were admitted to the Soissons' cottage by an old Negress, Aunt Dessie, and Miss Floride sped downstairs to welcome us. Gramère and Miss Floride embraced and kissed as rapturously as if they hadn't seen each other for years, though actually they had gone through the same form of greeting only a few hours before. When Miss Floride had kissed me, the two old ladies went upstairs to primp. When they came down a few minutes later, Gramère had put aside her bonnet and donned a lace cap like Miss Floride's. I thought they looked exactly alike; but I supposed all old women (they were around sixty at the time) must be anonymous. Both were tiny, both wore black frocks with white ruching at the neck, and both were inordinately rouged. There was, I thought, something odd in old women attempting to make themselves beautiful; but in retrospect I can understand that such an effort, made as it is without any hope of awakening desire in men, is rather heroic, like doing good works without hope of heavenly reward. And of course it is so much better mannered than the way in which modern lifeless old people try to absorb the life of their younger contemporaries. On the veranda, where supper was to be served, Gramère and Miss Floride sat in wicker chairs in exactly the same way—hands locked on their laps lest excitement betray them into making the least descriptive gesture; the right foot turned on the side lest indolence lead them to spread or cross their legs. Aunt Dessie brought us juleps to sip while we awaited the Colonel and the other guests, and meantime Gramère and Miss Floride gossiped about kinfolk and food.

I had, of course, scented a council; and it was obvious even to my immature mind that it had to do with the untimely — or

timely, as one wished to regard it — death of the late Herr von Arnim. Soon, like the gods traversing the Milky Way to obey a summons to the palace of heaven, the deities of The Rock (in lesser panoply) were slowly wending the way up the lane and taking their places on the veranda. The first to arrive were Major Fedlow and the rector of St. John's, Mr. Shouple. The last to arrive were Colonel Soissons and Dr. Lambert, the reason for the tardy appearance of our host being, I suspected, that he had been personally delivering the impromptu invitations. To my surprise and disappointment, Sanford Thees and his wife, Miss Cleo, did not show up at all. I was surprised because Sanford had been one of the gunners who discovered the body; and disappointment because Miss Cleo was young and beautiful. When the amenities had been dispatched, and everybody was provided with a julep, the council, without unnecessary preliminaries, came to order — or perhaps disorder is the right word. The deities paid no attention to Aunt Dessie and me, probably thinking that we could be trusted, or at any rate that their method of indirection would elude our understanding; and anyhow, indirection was the only method they understood and appreciated.

It was Gramère who first delicately broached the subject. 'I do feel right tired, it has been a strenuous day,' she sighed. 'Aunt Dessie, will you fetch me another julep? In vino veritas,' quoth Gramère.

'Much of the glory of truth lies in its mystery,' said Colonel Soissons gallantly. He regarded his frosted drink. 'Perhaps that is why it was ordained to be many-sided.'

Gramère nodded as if that settled one point. 'It's too bad, isn't it, that poor Bettina had to get terribly ill, just as if she were guilty of something or other; and Greta had to run away, just as if she were guilty of something or other?'

'Don't let that upset you, Miss Betty,' the Colonel advised. 'Two people can't be guilty of the same thing. One is plus, the other minus; and that adds up to zero.'

'Of course,' Gramère agreed. She looked at the others. 'Do we all understand that?' Everybody nodded. 'Then,' proceeded Gramère, 'we'll dismiss the — cipher from our minds.' I knew then that immediately after the inquest tomorrow Frau von Arnim would get well again and Greta would promptly reappear.

'I, too, have had a busy day,' said Dr. Lambert. He was a tall, thin, ascetic-looking man of about fifty, with arched eyebrows and a wryly smiling mouth. 'Not that it takes much effort to determine the effect of a bullet in the heart. But when one probes and finds the bullet, and one finds it to be from a gun of foreign calibre. . . .' Dr. Lambert's sigh was an invitation to Aunt Dessie to refill his glass. 'It's very tiresome,' he concluded.

'It might be both *restful* and *patriotic* to substitute an *American* bullet,' said Gramère emphatically. Dr. Lambert agreed that this was the logical and patriotic thing to do.

'I've been wondering,' said Major Fedlow, a stocky old fellow with sadly drooping mustaches and cheeks like the red wattles of a healthy turkey-tom, 'if one could shoot one's self in the heart with a rifle.'

'I'm afraid not, Major.' Dr. Lambert shook his head and coughed discreetly. 'The sheriff assured me that if such a thing were possible it would leave powder marks on the victim's clothes and body, which was not the case. I feel sure —' he looked around for confirmation — 'we're all too intelligent to insist that it was suicide?'

Gramère spoke quickly. 'Then, since it was not suicide, Meinherr *must* have been shot accidentally; so it *must* have been an American bullet that Dr. Lambert found.' All the deities, including Aesculapius, bowed to this logic. 'I know how bad you all must feel to know one of you fired the shot,' Gramère sighed hypocritically. 'But was it your fault that the fool happened to be in an exposed shot when you were out gunning? I remember my Cousin Elly Gaunt was killed in just the same way, out

hunting, and nobody thought anything about it at all.' Now I understood why Gramère had hurried out of the inn after the first lone shot and Frau Bettina's breathless arrival — it was to organize a quick, impromptu hunting party as a cover-up!

Miss Floride delicately dipped an oar into the troubled waters. 'As a *woman*, I think I have the right to observe that one should be appropriately *dressed* for every occasion,' she said primly. 'Even you handsome male things —' the old men squirmed delightedly — 'will agree to that! For example, would fox-hunting be real adventure without just the right clothes?'

'I see your point, dear heart,' her husband nodded. He took a sip of julep thoughtfully. 'In fact, that's precisely what I told Sanford Thees when we ran across him in the woods without even a pink hunting-cap or . . . a gun.'

There was a dramatic pause. Gramère ended it on a light note. 'I declare, isn't that just like the optimism of youth — the feeling that nothing can happen to them?' Her tone implied that the old people, knowing that anything could happen and not really caring very much, would be nothing short of mad to entertain optimism.

'But Sanford Thees isn't young,' Major Fedlow pointed out. He added, apologetically, 'At least not young enough to go hunting without a pink cap.'

'I know. Middle age is most depressing,' said Gramère. For a few moments she allowed the gruesome impression of middle age to flounder in confusion between the outlived hopes of youth and the unacquired realizations of old age. 'I've always thought,' Gramère chose her words carefully, 'that it's far better for an old man than a middle-aged man to marry a beautiful young woman. I mean, a young wife is satisfied with the adoration of an old husband. But a middle-aged husband is apt to love her in an *annoying* way.'

'That's very lucidly expressed, Miss Betty.' Colonel Soissons applauded as clairvoyant what the modern psychiatrist would promptly label as psychopathic. 'By the way,' the old man chatted along, 'I stopped to invite Sanford and Miss Cleo to come this afternoon for tea, but they had to decline as they're leaving early tomorrow morning to return to New Orleans.' The Colonel sipped his 'tea' as if that deception symbolized the real nature of his ultimatum to Sanford euphemistically termed an 'invitation.' He savored his drink, and heaved a hypocritical sigh. 'We shall miss them here at The Rock. But I think — and I told Sanford so quite frankly — that I thought his decision to leave The Rock at once was a wise one. Miss Cleo is too young and gay for The Rock.' The other deities nodded approvingly.

'Understand that *this* has nothing to do with our discussion,' Major Fedlow said suddenly, 'but I want to go on record as saying that if any low-down scoundrel made improper advances to *my* wife, I'd shoot him down like a mad dog — and with his own gun, too!' The Major's wattles shook furiously, so that it required several sips of julep to quiet them down.

Gramère grinned a bit more broadly than was polite — later, she explained to me that it was at the mental picture of a mad dog toting a gun. 'This is one time that being without a wife is proof of your innocence, Major,' she said archly.

'Do *we* need proof of innocence or guilt?' Colonel Soissons interposed. 'Isn't it simply a question of what is good or bad for The Rock?'

Everybody murmured sympathetically. Still, a question had been raised which must be answered. Gramère took upon herself the task of deflecting it to the right deity. 'When you speak of good and bad,' she said, 'you are posing a moral question which only the clergy are qualified to answer.'

Mr. Shouple, thus appealed to, roused himself from the contemplation of his julep, and muttered: '*He saith among the trumpets, Ha ha!*' Everybody was politely attentive, realizing that Mr. Shouple was

probably revolving in his mind a text for a sermon. However, no one took the matter too seriously, since for many years the old clergyman had been considering texts for sermons which were never written, his final recourse being to a trunk in which were stored the sermons written in his salad years. This fishing at random produced curious results. I recall that on one occasion in August he unfolded a sermon, yellow with age, relating to Christmas; and his sweltering congregation was highly edified to hear him describe the present torrid setting in terms of glistening snow and ice, with bells tinkling in the frosty air.

'Morality?' Mr. Shouple lifted his julep glass and studied its contents in search of a clue to his prophetic role. 'Can this brandy,' he murmured, 'be made by heating water to the highest degree?' He shook his head and the glass simultaneously. 'No! As water remains always water to whatever degree it is raised, so morality raised to the highest degree is nature still.' He took a long sip of the julep to demonstrate that his business was religion, and that morality was a subject to be dismissed with a reverent gesture and not with pious words.

Everybody applauded this spiritous, if not spiritual, allegory. Dr. Lambert observed that he had heard that wine was one of the many ways to truth, but he had never before heard brandy used as an analogy. 'I think it is a stronger argument,' he concluded simply.

Mr. Shouple set down his glass and closed his eyes. 'There are moments when life, caught up out of the ways of custom and the low levels of prudence, takes its guidance and inspiration from a sudden discovery of truth through some high ardor of the heart,' he murmured. Suddenly he opened his eyes and fixed them on Gramère. '*Another* intelligent woman,' he said emphatically, 'once said that the health of a community is an almost unfailing index of its morals.' The old man raised his glass. 'Let us, therefore, drink to the health of — The Rock!'

Everybody stood to drink the toast. Aunt Dessie, with the intuitive taste for timing of her race, suddenly realized that this dramatic climax to the council, not to mention her wonderful supper, would be spoiled by further dalliance; and she broke in to order one and all to quit talking and lapping and get along to the table.

Colonel Soissons offered his arm to Gramère to pace the few steps across the veranda to the end where the supper table was laid. 'Let us pursue the turnpike road to everybody's heart,' he said gallantly.

'We may as well,' smiled Gramère, 'since we're not going to pursue anything else.' She took her ancient cavalier's arm, and squinted at the others. 'Am I right in thinking we don't intend to pursue the matter under discussion any further?'

'No, ma'am; that is all happily settled,' Dr. Lambert answered for them.

Thus it was that the murder of Herr von Arnim at The Rock was never solved, and was recorded as just another hunting accident. For Time, contrary to precept, does not bring to light whatever is hidden, though it does inevitably conceal what is shining with the greatest splendor . . . which is probably the reason why Time has justly decreed that The Rock should itself be just another accident.

A SYMPOSIUM

INTEGRATION, PRUDENCE, AND PRINCIPLE

THREE PEOPLE WELL ACQUAINTED with the Southern States discuss in the following pages the larger issues reflected in the present controversy over "integration" of schools for white and colored students in the South.

For two of the participants, this is their first appearance in a critical quarterly of ideas. Captain Court, a Virginian, is a naval officer, much read in history. Mrs. Benagh, a Nashville housewife, writes poetry occasionally. The editors of MODERN AGE hope to attract other intelligent contributions, from time to time, from people outside the Academy or the learned disciplines; we feel that intellectual endeavor and serious writing in America are tending to be too much confined to academic circles, narrowly defined.

Professor Stone, now chairman of the department of English at Ohio University, until recently was a member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, and has much first-hand acquaintance with the Southern temper.

Integration in Historical Perspective

JOHN COURT

NATIONALLY, HERE IN THESE United States, we have retrogressed to the passions of the Tragic Era. In the controversy over "integration" in Southern schools, there have been sorry symptoms of contempt for the basic principles of free government, of federal tolerance, and of a society founded upon Christian respect for the human person. Now the integration controversy is only one aspect of a general national affliction; but it is a sufficiently notorious example to warrant some analysis of its mean-

ing, in the light of historical knowledge. Therefore I digress here to touch upon certain parallel, though distant, historical events.

One of the great tragedies of ancient times was the subversion of the first important federal republic into autocratic empire. In the fifth century before Christ, the Confederacy of Delos, under Pericles, became integrated into an Athenian Empire, fatally arousing the jealous hostility of all Greece. The story of this tragedy was commonly taught in our secondary schools fifty years ago, but today our progressive educators disdain such classical studies.

To remind those who care to be reminded, the Confederacy of Delos was formed about 477 B.C. by the Ionian city states to defend themselves against the continental power of Persia. Together these states brought democratic government to its greatest prestige and inspired development of a highly cultured civilization throughout the Mediterranean. Athens, the greatest naval power of the time and chief commercial colonizer, became leader of the defense force and later seat of the central government. Pericles, leader of the popular party of Athens, dominated the government for almost thirty years. Towards the close of his administration, after it had led to the disastrous Peloponnesian War, he delivered on a solemn state occasion a famous oration, comparable to Lincoln's address at Gettysburg, exhorting his countrymen to ever greater sacrifices for their fatherland. In it he painted in classic outline the civilized community as we yet conceive it should be. Though Athenian democracy was comprised of slaveholders, and Athens ruled as vindictively as did Spain two thousand years later, her principles were admirable. Thucydides reports Pericles' words, in part, thus:

> What was the training by which we reached our position; with what political institutions and by what manner of life did our empire become great?
>
> Our form of government does not emulate the institutions of our neighbors. We are a pattern which others follow rather than imitators ourselves. Our government is in the hands of the many, not of the few. This is why we call it a democracy. While as regards the law all men have equality for the settlement of their private disputes; as regards the value set on them, it is as each man is in any way distinguished that he is preferred to public honors, class considerations not being allowed to interfere with personal merits; nor, again, does poverty bar the way; if a man is able to serve the state, he is not hindered by the obscurity of his condition.
>
> The freedom which we enjoy in our public life also extends to our every day life. There, far from exercising a jealous surveillance over each other in our daily lives, we do not feel resentment with our neighbor for doing what he likes.
>
> But while we thus avoid giving offense in our private intercourse, we are restrained from lawlessness in our public life chiefly through reverent fear, for we render obedience to the magistrates and to the laws, particularly such laws as regard the protection of the oppressed, whether they are actually on the statute books or belong to that code which although unwritten cannot be broken without acknowledged disgrace.

These ideas set forth by Pericles, the great democrat, presented to posterity the aspirations of Athens in its day of glory. Yet not a century was to pass before the Athenian democracy had perished and the Attic Empire lay vanquished. Disaster ensued when Athens betrayed the trust of her confederated allies. Her insistence upon centralized autocracy destroyed the cement of faith and mutual respect amongst the confederacy's component communities.

We, citizens of these United States, twenty-four centuries after the glow of Athens, should note the circumstances which led to the rapid decline of the first federal republic from that summit of civilization.

It was through the continuous extravagant expansion of the enterprises of their central government that Pericles fatally sapped the vitality and distorted the perspective of his people. His noble words and ambitious strategy enveloped his compatriots in a suffocating delusion of grandeur as to the eminence and power of their state. To carry on the imperial illusion, Athenians diverted the common treasury of the League, from its original purpose of common defense, to a series of public festivals, public buildings and popular benefactions which betrayed the whole concept of their federalism.

Then Athens became too proud to bend in the compromises necessary to maintain the federal nature of the league of Ionian States. She pressed instead for the integration of her citizens and those of her allies in the steadily more hazardous schemes of the central government. After the reins had been firmly gathered in Athens by Pericles, the plague struck and the great statesman died. As lesser men took charge, their errors passed beyond recovery. Attic wisdom and perspective failed. When into the ruins of Athens four centuries later came the spiritual grace of Christianity, in the person of St. Paul, Athenians turned away in boredom. They had lost interest in freedom which entailed renunciation of their intellectual conceit. Elsewhere, founded on a sterner discipline, sturdier republics would be born, but civilizations would rise and fall before democracy and self-government could prevail in Athens again.

The fall of Athens was precipitated by her self-righteous pagan pride, summed up in Pericles' — "Our city as a whole is the school of Hellas." She had not heard the injunction of Christ, "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's." Among Athenians, Caesar was all, Caesar in the person of their own collective sovereignty.

II

In 1775, Edmund Burke pleaded eloquently to Parliament to desist from compulsion upon the American colonies. England did not heed him, but his words were memorable. One passage is peculiarly prophetic for modern America:

> Who are you that you should fret and rage and bite the chains of nature? Nothing worse happens to you than happens to all nations who have extensive empire, and it happens in all the forms into which empire can be thrown. In larger bodies the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities, Nature has said it. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can, he governs with a loose rein that he may govern at all and the whole force of his authority in his center is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law of extensive and detached empire.

In May, 1946, a remarkable conference was held in London. The prime ministers of all the great dominions of the Empire met as peers to determine the political structure in which to carry on. Imperial England had colonized a world, had planted English common law and English tolerance wherever her sons had gained a foothold; now she bent with a new tide and accepted her partners on equal footing.

Jan Christian Smuts, old hero of the Boer War, held out strongly for the concept of a purely voluntary association. The great South African elder statesman launched a unique step forward in world history when he expressed the unity in his cohorts' minds thusly:

> We are members of one family. Family relationships are strongest when they are not set down on paper. If it becomes necessary for the members of the family to call in lawyers to define their relationships and duties to each other, then one may be sure that the true relationship has already departed. We are stronger without formal agree-

ment. We must not try to define what is indefinable.

The Commonwealth today includes many more dark-skinned people than light-skinned ones. The British Empire has matured into a league of voluntary associates bound together by a common esteem for law and order, a respect for diversity and a common distrust of tyranny.

Britain learned the art of federalism from the loss of her American colonies. We ourselves must relearn it before our present hypocritical intolerance of any diversity within our member states arouses the hostile suspicion of all kindred nations. The last voluntary sovereign associate to join *our* Union, indeed the first and last to enter sovereign since the original thirteen, was Texas in 1845. The voluntary nature of that admission was nullified when the South was retaken by invasion and beaten to submission by the longest military occupation of a conquered nation in modern history—twelve long years the bayonet ruled the former Confederacy. Neither the Japanese in China nor the Russians in Austria equalled the record of the Black Republicans. Any modern who was horrified by the events in Hungary last year should read the unedifying story of the unconstitutional subjugation of the people of Maryland when they sought to secede in 1861. Ruthlessness is not a Bolshevik monopoly.

We have much to learn about voluntary associations. True, we have established an unusual experiment in Puerto Rico. Perhaps it can stand repeating, for there we accepted the self-proposed collaboration of a commonwealth of different language and different antecedents, as a separate but equal partner, free to go or to stay, to be different or to imitate. Possibly, had we the desire to try, we could interest others in a commonwealth relationship. But certainly we would first be obliged to demonstrate that we were sufficiently tolerant among ourselves to recognize the value, strength and dignity of separate societies, such as that of the French in Canada, the Indian in Mexico, or the white people in our own South.

If we are going to spend tens of billions of dollars annually to defend the Free World, to maintain order, perhaps it would be wise to offer a continuing relationship to any interested allies. But it would have to be a much less compulsive arrangement than we presently offer our own states. Does it really matter if a minimum wage is different in Portugal from that in New York? Must the church be banned from the schools in Belgium as it is banned in New Jersey? Is it essential that boys and girls be educated together in Quebec as in Boston? Suppose somebody elsewhere does do things differently? Can we tolerate a lack of uniformity if they stand with us to revive the vigor of our Christian civilization? Do we really grow by the directives established in the catacombs of Washington? Have we sufficient intelligence to differentiate between the significant things held in common among the people of Christendom and the local prerogatives of our diverse communities?

III

Neither the term "integration" nor the concept it conjures up in the public mind today can be found in the text or the background of the Federal Constitution. Whatever the implication of integration may be in the works of social scientists, it is patently a radical departure from the explicit provisions of the contract between the states which established this federal union. The indisputable ninth and tenth amendments rule out Federal interference in social matters so clearly and emphatically that it is difficult indeed to comprehend how the whole judiciary can with clear conscience ignore them or pretend to misunderstand them. Read them again:

> ARTICLE IX. The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.
>
> ARTICLE X. The powers not dele-

gated to the United States by the Constitution nor prohibited by it to the States are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

This concept of federalism was born of necessary compromise between theoretical freedom and real security. Our founders precisely defined the limits of authority because their greatest fear, as in any nascent federation, was the evil of unlimited authority. What authority was surrendered by the States in 1789 was surrendered because of the present threat of foreign invasion and economic subservience. That which has been surrendered since has been spelled out in the formalized amendments of the basic compact.

The objectives of personal freedom and social equality, when examined dispassionately, are in the ultimate sense mutually incompatible. Since the beginning of time men have been unequal in talent, in strength, in wealth, in wit, in experience, in energy, in wisdom and so on, ad infinitum. Men are inherently equal one to another, only in the Christian or theological sense, as individual souls in the sight of Almighty God. On the other hand, men are inherently free to use their wills, minds, and bodies except as others restrain them. The more precisely a government attempts to enforce equality of mind or spirit the more energetically it must restrain freedom. It must balance out nature's inequalities by penalizing competent individuals and specially assisting the less competent. For the practical purposes of public safety men must accept compromises both of their freedom and of their equality.

The bounds of our freedom in society are spelled out primarily by our traditions. Equality before the bar of justice is not to be achieved by distorting the established traditions of a society. An encroachment on our traditions is an encroachment on the freedom of our society. Time and custom alone can properly erase solid tradition in a community founded on Christian premises.

The concept of achieving equality through compulsory integration is of much broader significance than the race question or the school question. It is a flagrant denial of self-determination. It is part and parcel of the totalitarian line of thinking. It is fundamentally contrary to the voluntary principle of Christianity. It espouses the imperial instead of the republican form.

The Supreme Court in Brown vs. Board of Education placed a dangerously compulsive interpretation on an issue which ultimately can be resolved only on a voluntary basis. The Court's action is symbolic of the impatient and compulsive interpretation we tend to place on delicate issues in international affairs which ultimately can be resolved satisfactorily only on a voluntary basis. If we are to convince the West of our tolerance of diversity abroad a tolerance of diversity at home is essential.

IV

The Negro people in the United States possess a society of their own. It has already given convincing evidence of great vitality and adaptability. It is certainly premature to conclude it has no future other than forced absorption. It is understandable that one of their leading spokesmen, Richard Wright, rebellious though he is against the constraint of the colored community in this country, has encouraged in Ghana the complete rejection of English guidance or participation. Natural also is the attitude of the African in such matters. The primary grievance of Jomo Kenyatta, the Mau Mau leader in Kenya, is that the white man has broken up in Africa, as in America, the tribal life and destroyed the communal traditions of the native population. But most significant are the cogent words of the talented Zora Hurston, who wrote a Florida newspaper, in part, the following observations on integration here:

> The whole matter revolves around the self-respect of my people. How much satisfaction can I get from a court order for somebody to associate with me who does not wish me near them? The Amer-

ican Indian has never been spoken of as a minority and chiefly because there is no whine in the Indian. Certainly he fought and valiantly for his lands, and rightfully so, but it is inconceivable of an Indian to seek forcible association with anyone. His well-known pride and self-respect would save him from that. I take the Indian position.

In the ruling on segregation, the unsuspecting nation might have witnessed a trial balloon. A relatively safe one, since it is sectional and on a matter not likely to arouse other sections of the nation to the support of the South. If it goes off fairly well, a precedent has been established. Government by fiat can replace the Constitution. You don't have to credit me with too much intelligence and penetration, just so you watch carefully and think.

These are mere straws in the wind, but they cannot be ignored. Society is not clay in the hand of a fleeting government. Burke called it "a contract between God and Man linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible worlds according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place." Society is a natural order which governments were designed to serve and not to mold.

Africa and Asia will be areas of phenomenal economic and political progress in the next century. Judging from the Bandung conference, the American Negro can be accepted there as a leader, a counsellor, and a guide long after the white man is *persona non grata.* Has the talented Negro no interest in an education slanted toward the development of his own culture in the Christian Commonwealth? Is it any more improper to permit him to develop his own culture than to permit Catholics to educate their own children according to their own formula? Is it more undemocratic to operate a school which teaches only colored children than to operate one which teaches only boys? Is it essential for "equal protection of the law" that everyone be taught together, indiscriminately ignoring custom, background, or objective?

It is quite possible that the movement to subsidize private education, begun in the southern tier of States in response to the threat of compulsory integration, will have a salutary effect on education throughout the United States. It is in line with the most cogent criticisms of our educational system today. For our complex civilization and our diverse objectives, communities and societies, a standardized education is a disaster.

In 1580, Montaigne commented thus in his essay "Of the Institution and Education of Children":

> We have been so subjected to harp upon one string that we have no way left to us to descant upon voluntarily; our vigor and liberty is clean extinct. It was my hap to be familiarly acquainted with an honest man at Pisa, but such an Aristotelian that he held this infallible position, that conformity to Aristotle's doctrine was the true touchstone and squire of all solid imagination and perfect verity; for whatsoever had no coherency with it was but idle humor inasmuch as he (Aristotle) had known all, seen all and said all. I would have him make his scholar narrowly to sift all things with discretion and harbour nothing in his head by mere authority or upon trust. Aristotle's principles shall be no more axioms unto him than the Stoic's or the Epicurean's. Let this diversity of judgment be proposed unto him; if he can, he shall be able to distinguish the truth from the falsehood, if not he will remain doubtful.

Can we not offer a variety of education, a variety of schools, a variety of societies to our posterity? Would not freedom as well as scientific progress then be better served? Let us then give heed to Montaigne and offer diversity to our scholars and a choice in their avenue to understanding the

purposes of our civilization. Those who hesitate to choose may remain honestly doubtful. An honest doubt is a healthy thing for a God-fearing society.

V

Had the Court, in reopening the previously decided segregation issue, based its decree on the first amendment which guarantees the right of people (of different races) peaceably to assemble as they might choose, for educational or other purposes, and had it thus left the matter voluntary among those involved, a great step forward would have been taken. One form of arbitrary social planning would not merely have been substituted for another. A well-stabilized and substantially accepted code of social ethics would not have been discarded in favor of a highly dubious psychological theory. But in the famous opinion on Brown vs. Board of Education, the Supreme Court pointedly denied the people of Topeka, Kansas, the commendable option of setting up a variety of schools and permitting voluntary selection to satisfy the maximum number. Obviously the Court was motivated by concerns other than logic, or precedent, or law, or common sense. The merits of their concern history will judge.

Chief Justice Warren rejected the long-recognized prerogative of local and state governments to establish "separate and equal" arrangements for different racial groups, using the singular reasoning that since separate facilities *implied* inequality, psychological equality was disturbed in fact, and thereby the guarantee of "equal protection of the law" was transgressed. His ruling has been interpreted by many as final evidence that compulsory integration is an accepted and enforceable precept of our political philosophy. Not since the Dred Scott decision of 1857 has such a broad scale challenge to democratic prerogatives been flung down by the judiciary. Never before has more tenuous reasoning been presented to support or veil a controversial judicial purpose.

If it is morally wrong to exercise a preference for association with one's own race, it also must be morally wrong to exercise patriotism for one's national community. If it is psychologically wrong to have separate institutions for separate races, then it also must be psychologically wrong to have separate churches for separate creeds. If it is legally wrong for a community to give parents a choice in their children's school associates, it also must be legally wrong to permit private or parochial education. If the "equal protection of the law" guarantee of the disputed Fourteenth Amendment can be construed to deny the people of the States the right to operate different facilities to educate different children, it can be argued, consistently, that colleges must be closed unless everyone is sent to college, because certainly a college graduate has a psychological advantage over a mere high school graduate. If "equal protection of the law" requires compulsory integration in schools and parks and swimming pools, such protection must be guaranteed in the end by government control of all the elements of living. This demand for autocratic uniformity will logically proceed from the field of education to industry, to the press, to domicile, to property, and finally to thought. More than the head of the camel is already in the tent. To those who treasure freedom it must slowly become evident that compulsory integration as spelled out at Little Rock presents a Trojan Horse for totalitarian government.

If we cannot in our modern Athens of the West tolerate separation, diversity, or local options in education, can we long tolerate it in our economy, our religion, or politics? If we mold each child to a uniform national psychology in the governmental monopoly of education, we are proceeding down the road to ruin. Before we bludgeon the last vestige of self-direction and tradition out of the various entities in our society, we must regain sufficient faith in Christian civilization to practice among ourselves the doctrine of self determination which we preach in international councils.

Like the Athenians who subverted the

Delian League with Macedon and Rome just over the historical horizon, we are subverting the basic strength of Christian civilization while the Russians and the Chinese stand patiently by to engulf a decaying civilization. The daily news from abroad cries out the need to join together new forces, not quibbling over their lack of social uniformity or their peculiar political traditions. Acknowledging their right to self-government, we must blend their productive talents with ours in the tremendous task which is our common undertaking, that of rejuvenating the spirit and body of our Christian civilization so it can proceed in growth and diversity rather than decay like all civilizations before it in standardization at the meanest level.

VI

Arnold Toynbee, in *A Study of History*, after analyzing the rise and fall of twenty civilizations, concludes significantly, "We must ask whether, as we look back over the ground we have traversed, we can discern any master tendency at work, and we do descry a tendency toward standardization and uniformity, a tendency which is the correlative and opposite of the tendency towards differentiation and diversity which we have found to be the mark of the growth stage of civilizations."

The civilization whose future concerns us now is the one which succeeded that of Greece and Rome in the West. I have called it Christian Civilization because I believe its dynamics have been furnished by the Christian revelation. The extraordinary dual nature of Christ bestowed a singular zeal, tenacity, and strength of character upon his faithful adherents. It was this enhanced potential of the individual which constituted the invincible vigor of the early Church. The barbarian invaders who demolished every other institution of Roman life were ultimately overcome by it.

Five hundred years ago the West lay in a gloomy condition, comparable to the one faced today. Mohammed II had just taken Constantinople, the capital of the Byzantines and long the center of Christian civilization. The last of the Crusaders had been driven from the Holy Land. No existing national state could cope with the Saracen host. Moors dominated the entire Mediterrancan and Mongols ruled in Muscovy. The Turks, having overwhelmed the Byzantine empire, were moving on to take Hungary and to lay siege to Vienna. The routes to the East were closed and the lucrative trade with India sealed off. The last remaining citadels of Christian Europe appeared doomed. Spiritually, politically, and economically, the strength of the West was at its lowest ebb.

The resurgence of Christian civilization after this crisis sprung from a fortuitous combination of circumstances. The time was ripe for the Reformation which sent a revitalizing wave of spiritual enthusiasm through Europe, a return to basic Christian principles. The medieval church was cleansed of superstitions. Tremendous vitality was imparted to the new national states. Concurrently, the vulgar assumption that the earth was flat was dramatically disproven. The resultant capacity of seapower to outflank Islam gave a commanding military advantage to the maritime states. Finally, the discovery of a New World of unbelievable extent and resources provided an unprecedented uplift to the flagging economy of the West and a beckoning haven to Europe's diverse dispossessed. Thus it was that the awesome challenge of the Turks, viewed in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries with such foreboding, proved the greatest stimulus yet given to Christian civilization.

Christian influence in the West has experienced cycles of growth, stagnation, and regression. In our generation we are witnessing a serious regression substantially abetted by the propaganda of the humanitarians who teach that man and his society can be perfected without divine aid to individual souls. The concept of a brotherhood of the faithful, seeking an eternal reward, has been distorted by the secularists of various stripes to mean a welfare state,

a socialist economy, or a totalitarian Leviathan. During the twentieth century Christian influence has defaulted to the State, while Christian civilization throughout the West has stumbled on, using forms which become meaningless if long deprived of the spirit which established them. All about us are plainly visible the trends toward dissolution that Toynbee has remarked. Yet the supposedly enlightened liberals press more strongly for that conformity and standardization throughout the West which simplifies the tasks of scientific planners and ambitious administrators. Misguided churchmen, like the Gnostic heretics of the early Church, confound the mold of intellectual humanitarianism with the stamp of Christian inspiration. Thus, with our spiritual well-springs diverted, the dynamic force of Western civilization wanes. St. Paul rescued Christianity from the rigors of Jewish conformity by scrapping the law of the synagogues and insisting on the superiority of the spirit to the law. The time has come when we must again assert the superiority of the spirit to the requirements of the code of conformity.

Christianity now faces another ominous challenge. The West retains little semblance of spiritual unity. Faintheartedness appears the dominant characteristic of the professed adherents. Clearly the time has come when those of us who recognize our Christian kinship must face up to our peril, reexamine our basic motivations, take inventory of our opportunities.

Today, as when Constantinople fell, the challenge is answerable. The conquest of space has a greater potential than the discovery of a round earth and a new world. We need first, however, to remember that the strength of the West never has lain in the imperial tradition, but in the dynamic Christian inspiration, in the spontaneous zeal of individuals for something beyond material and terrestrial gain. Individual souls have little significance, and men attribute little value to their freedom, unless the potential spark of Divine guidance is recognized in each citizen. This was the necessary premise to Jefferson's Declaration of independence, to his insistence on the Bill of Rights, and to his primary precept that that government is best which governs least.

Unless their citizens recognize the individual as the vesture in which the Christian spirit acts, democratic and republican forms of government have little rational basis and less permanence of tenure. The preservation of self-government in communities and of self-determination among states or federal groups depends directly upon the same religious respect for individual motivation. The basic premise of English law, whereby the accused remains innocent until he can be proven guilty to the satisfaction of his peers, is derived from this belief. Unless this respect is maintained both by the State toward the citizen and by each citizen towards his brethren, the pattern of collapse in Greece and Rome will follow. If our assumption be wrong that a Christian spirit potentially guides each of the vast majority of our citizens, freedom cannot long survive. We have the forms, we can go through the motions of our predecessors; but if we lack the apprehension of Christian theology which molded the traditions, or lose faith in the Christian revelation, these forms can be promptly subverted into the means of our enslavement.

VII

To overcome the heresy of the humanitarians, we shall have to educate our children in the elements of our heritage. We must again teach them a decent respect for what God has wrought, and together with this Christian tolerance, and a healthy suspicion of all arbitrary governments. We must be sure the rising generation comprehends the fundamental precept that the function of government is to maintain order and give compass to society's initiative.

Acquiescence in a government employing compulsion unrelated to the will of the governed presumes a superior and continuing wisdom on the part of those who exer-

cise the compulsion. If the ultimate civil power is called upon to exercise compulsion in the practice of those prerogatives which belong to the family, to the local parish, or community, to the universities, or to the clergy, then there has been rendered unto Caesar what is not Caesar's. And regardless of the benevolence of our Caesar today, some Nero may begin his tyranny tomorrow. Certain institutions have been established in Christian civilization for certain functions. Our predecessors discriminated in the assignment of responsibilities for the diverse objectives of that civilization.

Seen in the perspective of history, the aim of the humanitarians, to improve man's status through compulsory conformity in a centralized state, is the mark of a declining civilization. The fallen republics of the past ages and the recurring crises of Christian civilization witness to the necessity for freedom, for limited government, and for a tolerant unity in Christendom.

A Backward and Forward Look at Integration

EDWARD STONE

IN THE SUMMER OF 1957, I fell to brooding about integration. Until recently, I had spent twenty of my forty-five years in the South, which was the birthplace of my wife and our children. The following remarks were the result, and MODERN AGE accepted them for publication. To these observations, written more than a year ago, I append certain recent second thoughts.

* * *

A hundred years ago, the Supreme Court of the United States rendered a famous decision, which those interested in the recent Supreme Court decision on integration might profitably recollect. However much we may wish to neglect this centennial of the Dred Scott Decision, we must heed lessons painfully taught. Disrespect for the Dred Scott Decision drove John Brown to Harper's Ferry and the South to secession. How far will disrespect for the decision of 1954 take us?

When Chief Justice Taney handed down the decision of 1857, he was not—in his own eyes, at least—*making* history: he merely was citing it and reaffirming certain articles of the American national faith. Just what articles, to be sure, may puzzle or provoke the student who considers them today. One, the superogatory dictum that Congress has the power to legislate regarding property in slaves, is only of historical interest. Another, that the Constitution draws no distinction between human flesh (if black) and that of beasts of burden, controversial though it was, truly is salt in the wounds of the American conscience. But though time reversed Taney, we cannot ignore the fact that his court was the highest in the land; that in a civilized society, the only permissible way to correct abuses in a law of the land, as interpreted by the courts, is to amend or repeal the law.

Now it happens, perhaps to the dismay

of a modern sense of justice, that by and large the 1857 decision was not nearly so repellent—or even distasteful—as we would like to think. That the decision pleased the South, where so much property was slave property, is understandable; but it is a forgotten fact that in general it confirmed the Northern attitude toward slavery. Even as late as the fall of 1859 abolitionism was rooted only in a few New England states (and states' rights extremism, only here and there in the South). Yet only the next fall, although not a single major candidate for the presidency advocated immediate emancipation, the South was almost determined to secede if the Republicans won. What had happened?

For an answer, let us listen again to the Reverend George B. Cheever as he preaches to his New York congregation on November 24, 1859:

> And a most remarkable thing it is that just when the doctrines of the inviolability and sacredness of slave property had reached their culminating point .... ; when it was becoming a political truism that there could be no right of intervention against slavery where it already exists, but only the right of endeavoring to prevent its extension; when some politicians even in the [Republican party] were setting up a defence of the rights of the South to undisturbed possession of their millions of slaves, as a vested interest and right not to be meddled with—that just at this juncture, God should have shot John Brown out of the cannon of his providence right into the bosom of that vested interest ...., scattering the theories of politicians to the winds ....

The answer? *Violence.* If it had not been for lawlessness and violence, the desperate minority voice of Northern and Southern extremism might have been stilled forever, and the calamity of 1861-1865 perhaps forever forestalled. If not, in short, for a certain bloody little action beginning on the night of October 16, 1859. There extremism won a staggeringly expensive victory.

Although John Brown led his raiders only a few miles to Harper's Ferry in Virginia, he had come a truly long way. He declared that his raid "was all settled millions of years before the world was made"; we at least can go back to 1855, when he was a leader in the sporadic fighting between the pro-slavery and anti-slavery factions among the settlers in the Territory of Kansas. His career even then was made possible by the money and doctrines of pious extremists in the North, and their Southern counterparts. The Kansas Aid Committee of Massachusetts, which raised money for the modern rifles that in time reached Harper's Ferry; the *Liberator* of Boston with "No Union with Slaveholders" on its masthead; the arrogant Senator Sumner of Massachusetts ("The Senator from South Carolina ... believes himself a chivalrous knight, ... has chosen a mistress ... who ... though polluted in the sight of the world, is chaste in his sight: I mean the harlot Slavery"); and northern Ohio's Joshua Giddings, who preached a "Higher Law" encouraging slave uprisings—the North had its extremists to match Virginia's Edmund Ruffin, who objected even to voluntary emancipation; and South Carolina's Robert Rhett, who in 1852 resigned his Senate seat in disgust at the "submission" of a convention in his state that merely *declared* the right of secession.

Not God but extremist sympathy and funds shot John Brown out of the cannon, and long before Harper's Ferry. It was they who made possible his massacre of five nonslaveholding settlers in Kansas one night in 1856, and his murdering, thieving raid into Missouri two years later. It was declared defiance of federal law that led Brown and the seasoned lieutenants of his "Kansas work" to Canada in the spring of 1859. From this Chatham Convention there came that strange "Provisional Constitution" whose Preamble contained the belligerent thrust at the Dred Scott Decision: "... we, citizens of the United States, and the oppressed people who, by a recent decision of

the Supreme Court, are declared to have no rights which the white man is bound to respect ... do ... ordain and establish for ourselves" a Constitution which, although disavowing any "dissolution of the Union," nevertheless set up the articles for a separate abolitionist government on Southern soil. Primarily it was this document, arrogantly flouting the highest tribunal of our land, that hanged Brown after his raid failed.

A puzzling incident, that, and one much distorted then (and now) by idealists who might be excused for thinking Harper's Ferry another Concord were it not for the abundant evidence that Brown was *leading* an invasion, not resisting one. For the first few hours that Sunday night—as in Kansas, Brown did "the Lord's work on the Lord's day"—everything went well. Almost everything, anyway. True, his men had needlessly killed a man (a free Negro) at the start, but they had taken the sleeping little town, stopped the eastbound train, and cut the telegraph wires; they had brought in two landowners and their handful of slaves; and their fearful arsenal had been brought up. But from then on, everything went wrong. Not only did no whites come forward to join his tiny band: the slaves themselves preferred an easy bondage to a disreputable liberation. Then, mysteriously, instead of heading southward, as planned, Brown lingered; his men killed several more townspeople "in self defense"; the militia arrived; and the train, which, equally mysteriously, Brown had later let pass, brought the news to the East. Early Tuesday morning a small detachment of Marines took Brown's "fort" and its bloody but completely unbowed leader.

"Violence," "monomania," "insanity," "insurrection"—these were the charges that almost every editor in the country hurled at the raiders and their chief before the week was out. Their thunderous reproof drowned out the abolitionist pleasure of William Lloyd Garrison in Boston and the secessionist pleasure of Governor Henry Wise in Richmond. Commiserate though Reverends Cheever and Beecher might in New York, the *Albany Argus* ventured that "not more than five in a hundred [ministers] join or sympathize in the preaching of the gospel of insurrection"; and notwithstanding the widely circulated eloquence of Brown's address to the jury ("Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should ... mingle my blood further with the blood of my children and ... of the millions in this slave country ..., I submit"), a Baltimore journalist in Charlestown for the hangings reported that a widely reprinted Kansas newspaper account of Brown's butchery in 1856 had caused public sympathy to turn against him: "He is no longer admired for his truthfulness and bravery, but is now regarded as a hardened and unprincipled hypocrite."

But he knew how to die. What his raid could not accomplish, his hanging did; and where fact—marvellous as it was—fell short, myth obliged. Although he was only fifty-eight and had grown a beard only recently to escape arrest or detection, he was already beginning to assume in the public imagination the larger-than-life proportions of the John Steuart Curry bearded old patriarch. That morning he wrote his resounding prophecy (" I, John Brown, am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty land will never be purged away but with blood"); and as, his arms bound, he stepped out of the jailhouse between two files of soldiers in the most closely guarded town in the country, he was widely reported to have picked up a slave child and kissed it, and to have wept at the words of a slave woman ("God bless you, old man: I wish I could help you, but I cannot"). By the time such sentiments as these could be disseminated by painters and by the New England poets Alcott, Child, Stedman, and Whittier, his martyrdom was assured. In the eyes of Longfellow, Thoreau, and Emerson, he became an Angel of Light, while the cry for secession became more and more shrill in Southern throats.

How close the Union was to dissolution, notwithstanding, most leaders seem to have been unaware. *Harper's Weekly* in New

York predicted early in December, a few days after Brown was hanged, that although he would doubtless be a "staple topic" in the new Congress, "various money bills and nice private jobs" and "practical questions" such as the tariff and banks would be paramount; but as late as January 21, 1860, the House still unorganized after more than thirty attempts, Representative Sherman of Ohio, the leading candidate for Speaker, confided his bewilderment on the floor; he had come to Washington expecting only a business session, and but for John Brown *did not even expect the slavery question to come up for discussion.*

But a month later when at Cooper Union Abraham Lincoln utterly scorned John Brown, challenged the South "to implicate a single Republican in his Harper's Ferry enterprise," and tried to reassure it by echoing the warning of its own Thomas Jefferson that if emancipation were ever attempted by force, instead of achieved slowly and peaceably, "human nature must shudder at the prospect,"—even as he spoke, Lincoln admitted that he knew the South would no longer listen. Surely *he* had seen the signs—he, the true conservative, who believed that, moral evil and all, slavery was legally entitled not only to existence in the South but to federal protection as well. He must have seen how the private lawlessness of Brown was aggravated by the official lawlessness even of Ohio and Iowa in rejecting Virginia's extradition warrants for escaped Brown raiders. For that matter, had not the governor of one, Dennison, in promising to oppose the return of fugitive slaves by the bayonet—"so help me God!" —if necessary, already flagrantly defied an earlier federal law (the Fugitive Slave Act of 1850) from a position of eminence? Lincoln could not have wondered then when the new governor of Virginia, Letcher, warned that if such a lawless course as Brown's was to become official, "we must ... adopt retaliatory measures." What measures the South Carolina General Assembly resorted to, we know: when, in December, the state seceded, it cited in its "Declaration of Causes" this same contemptuous repudiation of the Constitution by the extremist sentiment that drove John Brown to attack the South and then refuse to surrender his men for trial.

A few months later one half of the country was at war with the other. Two years later the fortunes of that war forced Abraham Lincoln to a proclamation that bankrupted the South while Northern bullets were shooting it to death. And not it alone: law and order died too. Thus history provides an anguishing irony in F. B. Sanborn's prediction in 1878 that Brown and Lincoln would be joined in memory everywhere. An American woman in Moscow, he related, was drawn by a shopkeeper into his dingy living quarters, "where a lamp was continually burning before rude pictures of his American saints, John Brown and Abraham Lincoln, placed side by side for his daily worship."

What a precious irony, that, purchased with a nation-wide bloodletting and devastation. What the future would have held in store for the Negro had Brown not invaded Virginia—the gradual atrophy of the institution of slavery is merely one possibility —seems, from this point in time, a lame alternate eventuality; but how many, black or white, living at the time held it less desirable than Shiloh, Chancellorsville, or Gettysburg, or the havoc at Atlanta or Columbia? Notwithstanding the famous phrase of Senator Seward's in 1856, the conflict was *not* irrepressible. Not, that is, before Harper's Ferry.

If that is an irony of our past, it is also a warning for our present. For it argues that although Reason proposes, it is Violence that disposes; and that whether one writes one's nation's laws is not so important as whether one leads its gangs.

Again we have a decision of the Supreme Court whose fate gives increasing evidence of being settled by violence. And it is beside the point that the 1954 decision has proved as unpopular—where not actually offensive—in the entire South as the 1857 decision was popular: a constitutional law

respecting the status of Negroes has received final court interpretation and must be complied with legally unless violence is again to direct the course of civil rights in this country.

Actually, compliance with it has begun in varying degrees ranging from complete integration of large numbers of Negroes in large cities (both precipitately, as in the District of Columbia, and deliberately, as in Louisville) to the grudging acceptance of a few Negroes in small border-state communities. At present writing there are dozens of Southern communities where integration has been effected, and not (despite the impression given by mob action taken in Texas, Tennessee, and Kentucky) necessarily with the implementation of deputy sheriffs and national guardsmen. But this in itself is deceptively reassuring, for to date no primary or secondary public school (or, in several instances, even state universities) has integrated in the Deep South, nor—most noteworthy of all—in the two states customarily held most "progressive": North Carolina and Virginia.

Virginia indeed provides a case in point of the tremendous difficulties facing integration, complexities which the Northern press in general is as unaware of in 1957 as the world at large was in 1785 when Thomas Jefferson reminded it that "it is impossible to be temperate and to pursue this subject [slavery] through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history natural and civil." Ethnically Virginia has several complexions. In the tidewater area the proportion of Negroes is high, and so, correspondingly, is segregationist sentiment; in the far western counties, land of white mountaineers and miners, the problem is merely theoretical; the central Piedmont represents a mean between these extremes; finally, south of the Piedmont is the heavily Negro "Black Belt," while north of it are the predominantly white Washington suburbs.

Doubtless such complexity is what caused the Supreme Court to direct that integration be accomplished only with "deliberate speed" (in effect, a rewording of Jefferson's cautionary phrasing). Yet again Virginia extremism is breathing fire, one side inciting the other to either immediate integration or to nullification, and the century-old coals of the States' Rights controversy begin to glow again. Found blameworthy in local court actions pressed (as was the appeal in Washington in 1954) by the N.A.A.C.P., which no more reflects Southern Negro sentiment in general now than the *Liberator* did the Northern white's a century ago, white Virginians have taken a stand distressing to contemplate. Not only may Farmville, in heavily negroid Prince Edward County (school-child color ratio, 1:1) not integrate now, as the N.A.A.C.P. recklessly insists, but neither may heavily white Arlington County (ratio, 1:200), where nothing would be lost by integration save the cause of uncompromising racism.

What is alarming about this stubbornness is that it derives its force, along with its eminence, from on high. Has not the governor of Virginia declared his unqualified defiance of the Court? Is not the Denison of the 1850's (he of the bayonets if necessary, "so help me God!") re-emergent in the Talmadge of the 1950's, who even before 1954 warned that "blllloooooood will run in the streets like water!" and in the Shivers of 1956 ("I defy the Federal Government")? And, most crushing of all to the modern worshipper at the shrine of Reason, are not the prominent New England writers of a century ago, Thoreau and Emerson, who aided and eulogized John Brown ("He [had] that force of thought and that sense of right which are the warp and woof of greatness. . . ."; "I think that for once the Sharps rifles and the revolvers were employed in a righteous cause . . . .") —are they not alive again in Mississippi's William Faulkner (winner, note, of the Nobel Peace Prize), gentle man of letters badgered into and thus damned by his reputed remark about shooting Negroes on the streets? Granted that these men were and are peaceable themselves; nevertheless, when gold rusts, history has taught us what

iron may do, and it involves something more than alarmist foreboding to recognize in the John Kasper and Asa Carter of last summer's Virginia and Tennessee notoriety the familiar outlines of the professional inciter to violence. What they then told (and continue to tell) their audience was nothing short of this: you are the law—why should you not take it into your own hands?

Who knows—perhaps if Governor Stanley and the N.A.A.C.P. remain fixed in their intransigence, they will. Perhaps Governor Talmadge's prophecy will be fulfilled. Certainly blood flowed a hundred years ago when an armed band invaded Virginia to effect by violent means the nullification of an interpretation of our highest judicial authority; and now repeatedly and ominously the national administration has been asked whether it contemplates the use of federal troops if necessary to enforce such an interpretation. To be sure, armed men have already had to be called into action, as in Kentucky and Texas; but it should be borne in mind that they were state militia or patrolmen reinforcing judgments handed down by local or district judges. But should the N.A.A.C.P. in the next few years disregard the "deliberate speed" instructions to the point of demanding integration in Farmville-type communities in the Deep South, and should Southern court decisions rule in its favor, a strain could be placed on the law enforcement agencies of the region that they might be unwilling to bear or incapable of bearing. In that event an administration that has already tremendously, if involuntarily, aided the cause of extremism, by the equivocal assertion of its leader last fall that his own feelings on the 1954 decision are irrelevant, would have no course left other than ordering federal troops to the scene. And this is an action that, for all its official sanction, to the sensitive Southerner would be a repetition of the foreign invasion it had inflicted on it in 1859. What would be lost in the inevitably consequent skirmishes would dwarf in cost whatever blood might flow: the voice of the moderate spokesmen of the South—the Faulkners and Hodding Carters and Robert Penn Warrens—would be decisively stilled as the extremist minority took over.

Forcible emancipation—if *that* time ever comes, then human nature must indeed shudder at the prospect.

* * *

Now that the above article is to appear a year later than originally planned, it needs a footnote reviewing intervening events and moving its conclusions forward in time.

Many isolated events have occurred and trends have become perceptible in that short year, all of them confirming my fears and alarm. Only a few weeks after I finished the above article, federal troops were actually flown to Little Rock to enforce integration. There was almost no bloodshed, to be sure, but for that we may thank Governor Faubus himself, who had practically invited federal intervention earlier by using federal troops to *prevent* integration. In Alabama, following an incident arising from integration, an exodus of professors from a large state university has begun. And have Governor Faubus's easterly peers in Alabama, Georgia, or South Carolina any intention of letting a single Negro child attend a white school? In the integrated nation's capital the ratio of Negro to white children in the public schools keeps rising (as white families move to the suburbs), and the teachers' college is about to lose its accreditation. As this article appears, the national spotlight, first trained on Tennessee in 1956, then on Arkansas in 1957, can be seen moving to Virginia, where three large communities cannot keep segregated school without being in contempt of a federal court order nor integrated school without violating state statute. Mr. Stanley is no longer Governor, but his successor, Mr. Almond, is as openly committed to a policy of "massive resistance" to integration.

Quo vadimus? As stated above and as the liberal Northern press frequently demonstrates, it *is* possible to cite communities

here and there where integration of one kind or another has been peaceably effected in the four years following the Supreme Court's ruling. But viewed over all, these instances seem adduced with a Coué-like wistfulness, like the cases of hardened criminals who have managed complete rehabilitation. More and more compelling appears the contention, two years ago in *The Reporter*, that "not one concrete step toward full rights for the Southern Negro—whether in voting or in education—has been achieved without the intervention of the national government." Accordingly, more and more ominous as a commentary on the Supreme Court decision do I find the sad reminder of a genial little retired judge in my community: *a law that does not have the respect of the people subject to it cannot be enforced.*

The American Dream: A Southern Nightmare?

CHRISTINE BENAGH

SINCE THE SUPREME COURT DECISION on segregation in the public schools, there has been a continuous stream of writing by men prominent in literary, ecclesiastical, political, and educational circles attempting to describe the impact it will have on the culture of the South. These writings fall into two classes. On the one hand there are the radicals who are too extreme to be taken seriously. On the other there are the so-called moderates. These claim to have some sympathy with the South, but beyond this, differ from the radicals only in asking gradual accomplishment of what the others demand at once.

Lending his influential pen to the moderates, William Faulkner has pictured the South as being "in labor." That rich phrase seems so apt that we will take it as our point of departure—a departure which will take us some distance from the typical moderate position—in an effort to sustain the thesis traditional to the South, that segregation is Christian, moral, and no violation of human dignity.

For the South to be in labor is entirely natural. Every people in every generation must labor to bring forth fruit of the seed they have received of their fathers; to transmit it to their children and their children's children. The South, then, like any other distinct region, may be compared to the fields of a careful husbandman, whose preparation of soil, fertilizing, planting, and cultivating makes a marked difference in the quality of his harvest. This should be a labor of love, bringing a reward of joy like that any father feels in a well-loved son who is obedient and loyal to all that the father holds true. What has turned our joy

to anguish and our labor to travail? A deep-seated and shameful doubt as to the goodness of our seed. Now if we are to find strength to bring forth at all, some solution must be found to overcome this doubt, and there are at least three that offer.

We might make an effort to put out of our minds and hearts the knowledge that our seed is in ourselves and join the growing ranks of the fatherless. The result of such uprooting means death to the social organism. It is violent contravention of the instinct of a people to preserve its being.

On the other hand, we might cast out this questionable seed and entrust the sowing of our fields to specialists. A task-force of alien inseminators waits eagerly to go to work. The boldness of their advertising: a hybrid strain, they say, the crowning achievement of the march of history beside which the accomplishments of less enlightened ages are but milestones, should not blind us to the fact that in the end we have to take their word for it. Nor should the confidence with which they claim to anticipate and provide for all vicissitudes obscure the lack of substantial evidence. Their theorems have not been demonstrated and the Christian view of human nature makes it very unlikely that anything so new or startling will be.

The best solution, because the most natural, is to have our faith restored; to believe again, as once we did believe, strongly enough to shed our blood, that the seed we bear in trust was sown by faithful hearts and that if we faithfully nurture it the harvest will bring fulness of joy. We need never fear that our unique fruit, particularized by our own soil and climate, is any less acceptable to the God of all harvests. Before abandoning the tried way on the advice of strangers, let us examine closely this soil and this climate. Let us determine as precisely as we can just what that was in which our fathers hoped.

While it is not my purpose to dissect the culture of the South, separating each factor from its intricate network, I will try to note those elements that have had the strongest influence in determining our sectional character.

The one that comes to mind first is agriculture. That this type of economy should develop in so mild and fertile a region was inevitable, but that it should be established by men whose deepest desires were for this kind of life can only have been providential. The men who settled the South were for the most part those whose driving hunger was for land in which to sink their roots, as distinguished from those whose hunger for adventure or wealth or less restraint pushed them further west. These were men with a vivid sense of the past, not as antiquarians, but as men aware of the foundations upon which they were to build the great families and plantations that have always been the glory of the South. Only men who acknowledge their debt to the past can understand and discharge their obligation to the future. Those who inherit a life style like this always do things with a sense of permanence. Land, houses, all a man's possessions take on a distinctive quality when they are to be passed to succeeding generations.

Moreover, having the tempo of their physical lives meted and measured by the rhythm of earth's own harvest, makes for delicate harmony of body and soul. Even dull men in this sort of culture tend to be intense and sensitive as a result of the synchrony of head and heart and hand. Every act, domestic, religious, political, or social, involves the whole man. His movement becomes a matter of instinct and his life takes on a passionate quality. He encounters every situation with his whole being, or to reclaim an abused word, he is a man of integrity. This means that his faith, reason, emotions, and ambitions are not at odds. He does not need to rationalize; he can react. This quality is so distinctively Southern that the rest of the country disparages it as prejudice. So it is, but in the proper sense of that word.

The deepening inroads of industrialization are changing our economy rapidly, but even at this late day it is true that most of

our now urban population was raised against the background of farm life, and that we will probably continue to have a large rural population to preserve and nourish this spontaneous life style.

The elements of Southern society are so intricately interwoven that it is difficult to separate them even for discussion. In examining the nature of the agrarian economy, something of religion has come in necessarily. There are other factors in this sphere worth noting. One is the public acknowledgement of the importance of true faith and another is the generally fundamentalist turn of religious thought. The result is a real unity which transcends and yet accommodates all the sectarian diversity. It recognizes all the variations of style in Christian worship without letting these mar the fellowship of the faithful. For this reason it has been considered quite proper to read Holy Scripture and to pray in schools, publicly-supported ones. Political speeches and public addresses of all sorts are filled with Biblical allusions because the people understand and appreciate them. There is a broad common ground of belief which makes the hope of Heaven, the fear of Hell, the law of God and faith in the Saviour, matters that can be spoken of openly with almost anyone you meet.

None of this is meant to imply that because there is a deep religious element in our culture, we are sinless. Far from it, all the usual sins have been practiced. But when life is lived against this background of the Faith, sin and evil are seen in a different perspective.

Though Southern society may present a dismaying picture to the reformers and adjustors, we are at least forthright in acknowledging the nature of the human heart and human sin. Both are recognized as unfailing sources of tragedy and suffering. But the society established on the firm foundation of the faith of its fathers is not easily overcome by such storms. Each family expects and is expected to bear its share of the inevitable misfortunes, disgraces, and heart-wounds. These are accepted as part and parcel of the family inheritance, very like the Hebrew tradition. The aged, the demented, the fallen of all sorts, are endured and suffered for by their kin. The children suffer for the sins of the fathers and the fathers for the children, and we have always believed that this was just.

The urge for social tidiness which entails ridding the home and community of such unsightly bothers as indigent parents, spinster aunts, drunken brothers, unruly children, lusty husbands, and slatternly wives is alien to our way of life. With their usual ingenuity, our cousins in other regions have devised all manner of institutions, reorientation programs, training courses, and charm schools to correct and adjust these misfits. To leave such aberrations to the interminably slow mills of God seems to be quite unthinkable for them.

On the politics of the South we can be brief, as the organized public life of a people is always a faithful reflection of its spirit. So we are not surprised, in view of the strength and vitality of family life, that neither civil nor ecclesiastical polity has concerned itself with the social action and reformist trends exhibited elsewhere. Our men in public life, whose function it is to maintain social equilibrium, are also sons of this soil and climate. They need no indoctrination nor brain-washing to administer the legal machinery of segregation, having absorbed into their being the knowledge that this is the most creative way of maintaining a balance between equality (which exists in the spirit beyond the realm of political action) and differentiation (which is ever present and must be accommodated).

Similarly, Southern devotion to the doctrine of States' Rights is the political manifestation of those local loyalties natural to an agricultural society, buttressed by the community of faith and family.

Nor is education any exception, for even after public control of schools was almost complete, no attempt to develop a particular type of social consciousness was contemplated. This innovation of "social indoc-

trination" now popular with educationists, so impugns the time-honored right of the home to develop a comparable faculty more soundly and subtly, that it is doomed in this region unless its advocates succeed in cultivating doubt in the minds of our youth and destroying the confidence of our adults.

There is a maxim for all living, learned intuitively by those who live close to the soil, and articulated for us all by Our Lord: "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." It is this knowledge which accounts for the spirit of patient waiting that has consistently marked Southern educational processes which aim consciously or unconsciously at the formation of human character. Our words, our thoughts, our acts all become a part of the sacrifice. There is no frantic watching to appraise the immediate response to each of these, to measure the social impact. These are the bread we cast upon the waters, and the rule is that we must wait many days for the return. In contrast, the cant of the hour, which is to idolize an industrialized, absolutely egalitarian "democracy" and to enlarge the educational sphere until every aspect of our lives is drill and instruction calculated to produce citizens adjusted to such a society, seems preposterous.

In time past, the Church has abstained from interfering directly in the complexities of the social organism not because of indifference or cowardice or moral numbness, but rather from a genuine meekness before the hard facts of human proclivity to sin. It has been acutely aware of the labyrinths of the heart where secrets hidden from the eyes of men may make the most seeming righteous a whited sepulchre and the vilest sinner a saint before God. A theology which recognizes sin as a condition rather than an act and righteousness as faith more than good deeds is not prone to advocate any sort of social drill as the means of advancing the Kingdom. Another sobering consideration is the historical fact that the Kingdom of God has been restricted as much by His well-meaning friends as by His avowed enemies. St. Peter was as wrong in his tender-hearted and sentimental desire to avoid the Cross as the Jews were in their fearful and malicious perpetration of it. Whatever happens in this regard seems to happen quite apart from and independent of the best efforts of all of us.

If the foregoing is a true picture of the best in Southern culture, then we do have an unfailing source of strength for resisting those who urge that there issue forth of the South's labor a more generally acceptable fruit. The most widely published version of the American dream is that of a "homogeny" of men and women who have so subordinated any such distinctions as race, religion, color, tradition, and the like, that these will offer no hindrance to the spirit of community lubricating the culture of "technocracy." For the achievement of this, confidence is placed in a consolidated and efficient educational system, one that will enable the society to make the best possible use of the citizens it produces. The allegiance which is to bind this homogeny into an entity capable of "stalemating" Communism or other inimical forces is not to be an ideology but the simple belief of the individual man that he can and should and will be free.

In stating the liberal position, much of Mr. Faulkner's language has been used. Apart from a refreshing precision of many of his terms, there is nothing very new about this view. The same general sentiments have been expressed by three decades of American liberals with such frequency that they are as familiar as singing commercials and high taxes, and are viewed almost everywhere as just as inevitable. This familiarity dulls the senses until the first reaction, which was one of horror, has lessened to a dim misgiving.

Many express the fear that the American dream is dying both at home and abroad. This may be true, but if the American dream was for this technocratic homogeny of men whose lives are determined only by the urge for individual freedom, how could it live? It is well for us to leave this expir-

ing dream now; to leave the dead to bury their dead.

It is very difficult to conceive a clear picture of this kind of society. The "belief of the individual man that he can and should and will be free" is a dependable enough source of energy for social convulsions, which might even be harnessed to needs of economic production for a time. Yet some way must be devised to prevent disaster from the friction of millions of wills, all determined to achieve their freedom. Men with nothing more than this to live for have a way of selling themselves into all sorts of slaveries. The human heart is so constituted that its life-long search is for something true and beautiful to love and serve. The truest friendships, the strongest ties, are between those who are in agreement about what is worthy of their love and admiration and entitled to their service. When a whole people is so inspired, it generates an enthusiasm which pervades all the levels of social life. Even those among them who are incapable of defining for themselves the goals, subconsciously acknowledge their pull; and with something like an act of faith, their passions are enlisted.

The call of Communism to all the world's uncommitted has been stated thus: "We don't offer you freedom, because there is no such thing as freedom; come and be our slaves." And then we seem surprised that rootless folk find such a call irresistible. It is music to their ears. It is like martial music to a born soldier; and we are all born to a warfare and wait eagerly for a leader to point us where the battle is and to lead the charge.

Unfortunately, the world-wide missionary effort of America has been on behalf of technology and humanitarianism. The cold and mercilessly consistent ray of reason has been turned on traditions, philosophies, and religions in every corner of the world. Our own have withered under it as well as the others. What law, what custom, what institution, can stand if the only question is, "Is this reasonable?" A good logician can make a convincing case for any proposition assigned him. We have listened to the logical voices of Reason and Science, letting them convince us that all the elements in our heritage which are not consistent with current fashions in reason are necessarily unworthy of our support. Thrones, the Christian hierarchy, regional loyalties, social and domestic institutions, have all alike been demolished by it. If we remain consistent, there is hope that at last we will say to ourselves, each of us in the isolation of his individual freedom, "Is this reasonable? Am I worthy?" And at the same time we find the answer to be *no*, we will be near salvation.

One frequent, if surprising, question in the present controversy is, "Where is the Church's voice now in our time of indecision?" We have already partially discovered the answer. But there is a still more fundamental consideration: her instinct for truth has so far preserved her from doing serious damage to the very essence of her being, Love. To set about to prescribe those circumstances or situations in which Love can flourish is to destroy the logical content of the word itself. To say that only equals can love is heresy. The doctrine is a novel one but the tactic by which it is being promoted has been tried before. It is an attempt to make Love the end product of an evolutionary process—as was once supposed of man. It says in effect: At long last, after ages of weary upward struggle we have learned what it means to love.

Hardly a Southerner, white or black, but knows what it is to love within the bounds of segregation. Is it really true that love is impossible if the relationship is between a master and his servant; that no man whose lot it is to bear authority can love or be loved by those under him? This makes responsibility bitter indeed.

The liberals can use as their text, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," only after they have diminished the meaning of love to little more than a general absence of animosity, and substituted for the rich complex of connections by which one individual is brought into touch with another or with

society in general, a glib familiarity. This prospect is frightening because it undermines the elaborate structure upon which Western Christendom has organized itself and without which it cannot retain its identity. It leaves every man completely dependent upon his resources. The dissolution of all arbitrary ties and obligations means he can expect companionship and relief only from those whose taste he pleases. Those who euphemize this as a grouping together of like minds fail to consider how much of man's development results from reaction against diverse minds.

Before we are irretrievably lost in a maze of transitory arrangements, wholly unpredictable because regulated only by the whim of the individual, let us weld together with all our strength the links that remain of the chain of our heritage.

As a start, let us try to restore to its original vigor the idea of consent; for it is the most real and living factor in every mutual contract possible in a society, be it state to nation, wife to husband, servant to master, employee to employer, child to parent, student to teacher, or any other. To participate in society at all, each of us must contract in some manner with others and in every contract there are principal and subordinate positions. Consent is that quality which preserves the high from tyranny and the low from servility. It is one of the most strenuous acts of man, for it involves his highest faculty, the divinely ordained seat of all true dignity—the will. When consent is unacknowledged, any relationship, even that of lovers, is liable to petrify. When consent is maintained, the relationship takes on an ineffable beauty as a result of the tenuous flexibility, the delicate counterbalance of contradictory propositions. Then the participants are simultaneously aware of the lasting nature of their contract and of their individual ability to violate it. The subordinate obeys because duty says he must and equally because he will. Such disposition of submission and freedom makes even the smallest act of obedience a thing of beauty. The governor, aware that this is so, willingly consents to even heavy responsibility. When circumstances cause either party to lose sight of this principle temporarily, there is enough stability and mutual trust to preserve the union.

The recovery of the spiritual beauty of consent, deriving from its archetype in God's relation to His sovereign creature man, is the only antidote for the degrading notion that man is of such fragile substance and his hold on his manhood so precarious as to render him subservient to circumstances. Dignity and humility are not superficial qualities that can be imposed or removed from without.

A Southern critic, formerly editor of The Hopkins Review *and of* The Provincial, *touches upon the tragic lessons of the War between the States.*

The Coming Centennial of the Civil War

LOUIS D. RUBIN, JR.

WITHIN LESS THAN THREE YEARS, the United States of America will begin observance of the centennial anniversary of the War between the States. One hundred years will soon have gone by since the April day in 1861 when Confederate forces in Charleston Harbor opened fire on Fort Sumter. The decades have a way of passing by almost unnoticed; the notion of a centennial of years having elapsed since the Civil War seems startling, shocking in its abrupt finality. Anyone born in the Southern states and who is as old as thirty years can remember Confederate reunions very well; and for someone as old as fifty or sixty, the realization that all those old men in grey are now dead, who used to be such landmarks in Southern cities and towns, and that one hundred whole years will soon have elapsed since their great war, must be altogether strange to contemplate.

As the centennial of the War draws closer, interest in that long-ago American conflict has increased mightily, and will increase still more. Especially in the Southern states, considerable attention will be paid to the event. There were at least twenty major battles fought during the four years of warfare, all but two of them in the eleven Confederate states. There is not a city or a town of any size in the South, and in the border states as well, that does not have some place, some spot of direct historical interest to the visitor curious about the Civil War.

For four years, 1961 to 1965, these states will become focal points for commemorative activities. There are few tricks of the tourist trade that are not known in Virginia, in Maryland, in South Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, in Louisiana. We may expect the centennial to take the form of four long years of pageantry, parade, and observance. We can trust development commissions and chambers of commerce to see to that. What is colorful, dramatic, easily marketable about a battlefield, a convention hall, an old cemetery full of the graves of dead generals and statesmen, will be exploited to its fullest extent.

Probably the centennial will open with celebrations at Montgomery and Charleston—there is already a pageant about General Lee under way at Norfolk. At the Alabama capital, the proper movie and television stars will be brought in to officiate at Secession cotillions. Citizens will grow whiskers and attire themselves in the garb

of the Sixties. Crinoline and hoopskirts will be all the vogue at costume balls at which Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians will play the Southern Roses waltz. Pat Boone will sing "Lorena." Rebel-on-the-Rocks will be featured at all the best affairs.

In Charleston, an elaborate land-and-water pageant will be staged. The cadets of The Citadel will fire on the *Star of the West.* The premiere of a super-colossal Walt Disney movie will take place. Soldiers and citizenry will reenact the bombardment of Fort Sumter and its surrender. Standing on the steps of the Confederate monument at High Battery, the Mayor of Charleston will introduce the Governor of South Carolina, who will present the President of the United States, who will speak of the lessons of brotherhood and camaraderie learned from that conflict that began there a hundred years before. *Life* magazine will feature a portfolio of photographs of the day of battle. Copies of the Secession number of the Charleston *Mercury,* proclaiming in circus type that "THE UNION IS DISSOLVED," will be sold on street corners, along with battle flags, Confederate uniform caps, miniature sabres and Enfield rifles, and parched and boiled goober peas.

From then on, throughout the country and territories, there will be no holds barred. From Gettysburg to Texas, and anywhere else where an excuse can be discovered, each battle's centennial anniversary will call forth a pageant and a parade. It will all culminate, though hardly conclude, at Gettysburg in 1963, when on July 4 the massed brigades and corps of the national guard and the regular army will divide into two sides, arraying themselves along Seminary Ridge in grey uniforms and along Cemetery Ridge in blue. Thousands of tourists, seated on portable grandstands at various vantage points, will follow the progress of the battle by means of printed programs and public address systems. "It is now 12:58 p.m. In exactly two minutes 160 Confederate cannon will open fire on the Union positions on Cemetery Ridge. Synchronize your watches... One minute and forty seconds... One minute and thirty seconds..."

Pickett's men will at length march up Cemetery Ridge and engage in a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with the Union troops along the crest. At the proper moment, the public address announcer will declaim, in a hushed voice, that "It is now the High Tide of the Confederacy." Armistead will fall, Webb's Pennsylvanians and Hall's New Englanders will charge down from the heights, and the Virginians will stagger back.

Then, telescoping four months of time to avoid the autumn cold that sometimes plagues the tourist trade, over the carnage a prophetic voice will rise as Raymond Massey recites the Gettysburg Address. He will be followed by the President of the United States, who will have a considerably less dispassionate address to make this time, because 1963 will be two years closer than 1961 to the election campaign of 1964.

There will be other, independent operations, of course, not planned by development commissions and chambers of commerce, but nonetheless inspired in a lofty spirit of public good will. A chewing-gum manufacturer will place portraits of Confederate and Union generals in each package of bubble gum, so that young America, chewing, may contemplate its heritage. Depending upon geographical location, two Braggs or Buells will be worth a Longstreet or a Sherman. For a Grant, at least five of any other denomination will be required, and for a Lee or a Jackson, in the South at least, seven or eight.

An enterprising manufacturer of comic books will present the illustrated life stories of eminent figures on both sides, taking care to dress Belle Boyd in suitably revealing clothes. General Motors will introduce a new fleet of Oldsmobiles, medium-priced, bearing names such as the "Traveller," the "Stonewall," the "Ulysses Town-and-Country," and the "Marse Robert Supersonic." Attractive pewter and brass charm bracelet replicas of Civil War field equipment will

be available at jewelry counters everywhere. And of course we must not forget the "Great Generals of the Civil War" series, published in full color by one of our leading home appliance companies, making the point that just as America has ever produced leaders to keep her strong and great, so the particular brand of refrigerator will preserve food securely for the morrow.

All this, or comparable goings on, will take place—for four years and more. Indeed, it has already begun. Nor, for that matter, is it particularly undesirable. Almost anything that helps to interest the American citizen in his country's history and tradition is probably a good thing. Yet in the shuffle, amid the television, the pageantry and the dancing, there is a genuine danger that the real meanings of the Civil War may become lost. A centennial observance that deals exclusively with the surface manifestations and the immediately obvious phenomena, to the neglect of serious contemplation of the causes and bloody lessons of what Avery Craven has termed "the fearful cost which the nation paid to get itself into the modern world," would be both a tremendous waste of effort and expense and a pathetically lost opportunity.

For the war which split America across the center for fifty years, which plunged one section into a nightmarish state of poverty and peonage from which it is only now extricating itself, and which in the other touched off sinister forces of exploitation and greed which had most fateful meaning for American democracy, is nothing to be dismissed with some colorful noisemaking and tourist activity. The Civil War *meant something.* Its lessons are many of them still valid. It can teach us things which Americans need to know and realize a hundred years later.

If, for one thing, a study of the events that brought about the secession of the Southern states and the firing on Fort Sumter has any meaning at all, if the investigations of scholars such as Craven, Randall, Nichols, Nevins, Milton, Carpenter, Rhodes, Channing and others share any common conclusion, it is that Americans should be continually on guard against extremists and extremism. At every juncture in the events leading up to the bombardment of Fort Sumter, the student of American history is confronted with ample evidence that the War Between The States should never have happened, and would never have happened had Americans kept cool and steered clear of slogans and cheap hysteria. Anyone who examines the writings of most Americans in the several decades before the War will realize how little anyone wanted a Civil War.

The cause of the Civil War was ignorance. It was ignorance that let people North and South be cajoled and manipulated by various rabble-rousers and fanatics. Had the people of the North and South listened to their true leaders, those whom they later and instinctively chose to lead them when the real peril came, the Civil War would never have taken place. The phenomenon most striking to me about the coming of the War is that those who were most prominent and successful as leaders once the war broke out, were for the most part people who did not remotely want the war to happen. Those who agitated most vociferously for abolition and for secession with few exceptions played minor roles after the fighting began. It was not the hot-headed slaveocrat Robert Barnwell Rhett who came to symbolize the Southern cause, but the reluctant secessionist Robert E. Lee, whose lofty character embodied the fighting will of the South. And it was not Wendell Phillips the zealot or Charles Sumner that subjective idealist and poseur who exemplified the North's resolve to save the Union, but that essentially disenthralled and profound man Abraham Lincoln, believer in calmness and conciliation.

When the crisis came, it was to the Lincolns and Lees that Americans turned for guidance. Yet it was not their counsel, but that of clever hotheads like Rhett, Yancey, Phillips, Garrison, Pryor, and Greeley that Southerners and Northerners mostly accepted in the 1850's. To the fire-eaters, to

the fanatics, Americans owed the twisted perspectives that made secession and invasion seem necessary.

As with each successive war, each new crisis in American history, the Civil War teaches one lesson most of all. It is this: beware of ardent tongues and one-track minds. Do not listen to men who shout. If in the years ahead, Americans might be helped to learn this lesson by contemplating the causes and consequences of the Civil War, then all the money invested in celebrating its centennial would be well spent.

What seems so obvious about the Civil War's advent, from the South's point of view, is that Southern statesmen and people were badly outgeneralled and outthought on the hustings. The North's editors and political figures skillfully backed the South into a corner. They forced the South to fight it out on the issue of slavery, when slavery was but a symbol of the real issues. The pathetic spectacle of the South's best statesmen and pamphleteers laboring vainly to defend the innate wisdom and justice of human slavery, instead of alerting the farmers and townsfolk of the North and West to the cold, calculated economic noose that was being shaped for them, is sad to contemplate. Ralph Korngold, in his eulogistic biography *Thaddeus Stevens: A Being Darkly Wise and Rudely Great* (New York, 1955) vividly describes a day in 1837 when Stevens, champion of mercantile interests that he was, faced a losing political battle in Pennsylvania. Then one day he was visited by an agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, who pointed out to him the potentiality of the slavery issue as a means of recouping his political fortunes. Stevens rose to the bait with alacrity—as did many another protectionist politician in the 1820's, 1830's, and 1840's. Such men knew very well what they were doing when they raised the slavery issue. But instead of sticking to the underlying issues of the North-South schism, the South willingly permitted the issue to be shifted to that of slavery versus freedom. Instead of pausing long enough to think things out, otherwise

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sensible Southerners permitted the hotheads and extremists to talk them into making a defense of their peculiar institution just at the point where it was most weak—its moral justification. Thoughtful Southerners knew better, but they let themselves be persuaded by the Rhetts and Yanceys that slavery was not merely justified because it existed and could not well be eradicated overnight, but that it was a positive *good*, and should not only be preserved but extended and enhanced. The result was indeed an "irrepressible conflict," and one that the South was fated to lose.

Another and related lesson implicit in the Civil War, and one equally pertinent, is this one: men began fighting in 1861 with no real notion of what was involved in their actions. Attempts to understand and analyze what was going on were pitifully inadequate. In each of our wars this seems to be true, and particularly so in this one. Northerners marched into battle singing "The Union forever!" and "His truth is marching on!" Yet somehow, in the five years from 1860 to 1865, the party of Abraham Lincoln and Free Soil was transformed into the party of the Robber Barons, the Credit Mobilier, and the Haymarket Riots. As Kenneth Stampp has written, "Yankees went to war animated by the highest ideals of the nineteenth-century middle classes . . . . But what the Yankees achieved—for their generation, at least—was a triumph not of middle-class ideals, but of middle-class vices. The most striking products of their crusade were the shoddy aristocracy of the North and the ragged children of the South. Among the masses of Americans there were no victors, only vanquished."

It is hardly likely that the forces the Republican Party of 1868 and 1872 represented were not present there in the caucuses of 1860. Yet of the Jacksonian Democrats of the Midwestern states who bolted from the Democratic Party to vote for Lincoln, how many had any knowledge or awareness of this?

Conversely, the Southerners from all over the South flocked into the Confederate armies to defend Southern soil from invasion, to stand up for Southern rights. Yet when the guns opened on Fort Sumter, not one inch of Southern territory was threatened with attack, not a single call for volunteers had been issued by the Federal government, and the Southern and Northern Democratic strength in Congress would have been quite enough to insure against tariff prohibitions and other potential grievances.

The Civil War is, or should be, a constant reminder to Americans of the perils of the short view. To free 3,500,000 slaves, some 568,000 soldiers were killed. Could not the emancipation of the slaves have been accomplished, slowly and patiently, another way? Similarly, to assert one's inalienable right to settle slaves in western territories manifestly unsuited to their use economically, and to demonstrate one's unwillingness to tolerate a sectional president, the South sacrificed 260,000 of its finest young men. What theoretical right was worth that kind of bloodshed? What kind of pride could justify the ensuing forty years of Southern history?

Yet when these seemingly obvious truths were pointed out, few listened. In the recently published Civil War diary, *Brokenburn, The Diary of Kate Stone, 1861-1868*, (Baton Rouge, La., 1955) there is this pathetic entry for May 27, 1861:

> We had a warm discussion after tea, Mr. Newton contending that the states had no right to secede immediately on Lincoln's election and that they should have remained quiet for four years and seen what would be the policy of the government. We all bitterly oppose this view of the subject. Why, in four years we should have no rights worth fighting for! He thinks that if all the states had been patient there would have been no war for years and that it would have been better to submit to Lincoln's rule no matter how unjust than to have provoked a war. But oh, no! We cannot see it that way. We should make a stand for our rights—and a nation fighting for

its own homes and liberty cannot be overwhelmed, Our cause is just and must prevail.

During the four years following that entry, the South found out something that the rest of the country has never yet found out —that merely because a cause is just, it need not necessarily prevail. American optimism to the contrary, a nation fighting for its own homes and liberty *can* be overwhelmed.

The Civil War has a great deal to teach Americans about our future. The South in particular could teach Americans elsewhere that right does not necessarily make might, that it is possible for a nation and a people to believe firmly in the right as they are given to see it, to fight long and desperately and bravely for the right, and even so, to lose utterly. Almost alone of the people of America, Southerners learned that it was possible to lose, that success is not the inevitable birthright of Americans. The gospel of Progress and Success—"we are the greatest nation that ever was"—was for many years inapplicable to millions of Americans. History had taught them otherwise.

Southerners almost alone of Americans knew that history could *happen*. They had found out that *now* was not *forever*, and the rise and decline of peoples and nations not something abstract. As early as 1862, when Southern fortunes were still bright, a young Virginia artillery officer sensed this. John Hampden Chamberlayne, writing to his sister while serving in the Army of Northern Virginia, had this to say:

> How great a teacher is this abominable "civil combustion," as Gordon Tacitus has it. "Heaven and Earth came together to overwhelm me," said the spider when the turks head swept away his dirty web. India saw hundreds of women and children murdered, Lucknow suffered siege, Cawnpore massacre; in Balaklavan trench and Scutari hospital, fever, frost, wound and want slew each his thousands; Italian troops were trampled by Gaul and Hun amidst smoke and death; but we were very comfortable. 'Twas so far off. Now the turks head sweeps some of us. Whereby we will learn how to read history, while we make it for ourselves.

In four years of war and thirty-five more of poverty and humiliation, the Southern states learned how to read history. So far the rest of the United States has never had to learn that lesson. Success and progress have been all that most of the United States has known. And nowadays the South too is forgetting that history once *happened*. Ninety-seven years is a long time to remember something. And the factories and motels *do* seem to be faring so well. . . .

The Centennial of the Civil War is coming. It will be a great event. The pageantry, the glamour, the glitter, the easily dramatic—we can expect all of these. But it seems to me that Americans who are interested in the meaning of our country's history have a greater responsibility than that. They must see that the observance of the Civil War's hundredth anniversary is made to mean something. The opportunity must not be allowed to slip by, abandoned to the tourist bureaus. In concrete ways the meaning of this great anniversary must be put forward, along with the parades and the souvenir stalls. Americans must be told of the true significance of the occasion. They must be made to see that the blood along Cemetery Ridge was not synthetic, that these were men essentially like themselves who were fighting and dying a hundred years ago. The coming Centennial of the Civil War presents an unparalleled opportunity to use the American past in order to teach Americans lessons that will stand them in good stead for their future. For Southerners, in particular, to give to Americans of today—and to themselves as well—the wisdom of their section's beautiful and bitter history would be a worthy and generous gift.

John Crowe Ransom as Economist

KELSIE B. HARDER

A former student of this distinguished poet, critic, and editor examines the Southern Agrarian elements in Mr. Ransom's thought.

THREE YEARS AGO, THERE WAS published a little volume called *Poems and Essays,* by John Crowe Ransom (Vintage Press paperbacks). And this is my basis for an examination of Mr. Ransom as an economist.

The poems are good ones, ironic, modern only in the sense that they are in traditional meters and treat traditional themes, a trifle better, it seems to me, than Mr. Randall Jarrell's judgment that they are "doggerel." Anyway, the poems are not recent ones, and so far as I can determine they are not revisions; the commas haven't been moved. One critic said that Mr. Ransom would reflect on and contemplate a verse twenty years, and then decide that a comma is needed. The comma then is meticulously inserted, as if with a sort of ritual.

Really, no one can accuse Mr. Ransom of haste. I like to think of this slow, careful, contemplative way of Ransom's as a lingering Southern habit: no need to rush! There'll be time for revisions of revisions. This may sound quaint in this year of sputniks and social engineers, but the method does the job eventually in a workmanlike, humane way, even if to some minds it is anachronistic, stubborn, culture-lagging, and so on to more extreme vulgarisms. I have a suspicion, however, that a comma is just about as important to a *good* poet as a fancy differential equation is to an average statistician working on a set in marginal probability.

The essays are well-selected ("by the author," says the blurb) prose continuations of the aesthetic ideas first presented in the poems. The commas are not so important here. These essays move with dignity through the chaos of modern critics' night where sailing is not always smooth and where towers of dark purple prose obscure the beautiful aesthetic path. Admittedly, these essays lend credence to the belief that Mr. Ransom is a giant among critics. I hesitate to say that he is a new critic, except in the sense that he is a contemporary critic. Ransom is credited with tagging some critics as new, and as tagging a certain type of intellectual exercise and exegesis as new criticism. We are all acquainted with that. But what we sometimes do not realize is that Ransom's tag is not necessarily a license, even though the two are synonymous in Midland dialects. Ransom's use of "new" is ironic, and his irony backfired, for he has been included by the popular critical mind in the group of "new" critics.

Ransom's critical method, if I may be pardoned for using "method" in its neologistic sense, is an old one, one that says, "Let's read the poem, not about it and its author." The statement is heard more and more in pedagogic circles. Certainly his critical method has spawned (the figure is unfair, but manifestly true) many imitators among the younger apostles of the critical creed. This is well and good. Needless to say, many of us have taken second looks

at poems after being provoked by an explication by such students of the caliber of Brooks, Warren, and Tate. We have been the better for it. We have learned that a good poem is more than a document, more than a fragment of a philosophical scheme, more than a historical fact—it is the fact itself. It is as universal as all get-out, and as concrete as a metaphor.

Even so, I missed something in these essays. What I missed, I soon realized, was an essay or two from Ransom's economist period, dating I would say from 1928 when Ransom published "The South—Old or New?" in *The Sewanee Review*, 26 (April, 1928), to 1937, when he left Vanderbilt University to found *The Kenyon Review* at Kenyon College. Although primarily a poet from 1917 to 1927, he did publish a few bits of criticism in some literary magazines and in *The Fugitive*, the herald for one of the more profound literary renaissances in American literature. During the later years, 1928 to 1937, in which he was an economic polemicist, Ransom developed his critical sensibility and sharpened a pointed prose style that served him in good stead when he turned to literary criticism. Ransom's very characteristic personal idiom employs sharp and even shocking associations of the colloquial and the pedantic. Moreover, he matured under fire during the ideational battle of the 1930s, taking on such stalwarts as V. F. Calverton, Aubrey Starke, William S. Knickerbocker, H. L. Mencken, as well as a host of wild-eyed zealots. It is this aspect of Ransom's career that I wish to examine briefly here to clarify, I hope, some salient points that appear in his subsequent criticism and poetic theory, taking as my cue and my outline Ransom's statement that "the reasonableness of regionalism refers first to its economic, and second to its aesthetic." I must add that the organization of the paper does not do justice to the clarity and style of Mr. Ransom's essays. I also take responsibility for the interpretation—or misinterpretation.

Ransom's position was that of a conservative (some would say "reactionary")—a Southern agrarian. Pushed for a definition, he wrote in one essay, "There are evidently varieties of agrarians. There are the hard and the soft; there are the thoroughgoing and those up to a certain point; the philosophic and the economic; the Southern and the general; the open and the secret; the baptized and the unbaptized." The agrarian position is well defined in *Twelve Southerners: I'll Take My Stand; The South and the Agrarian Tradition* (1930), to which Ransom contributed the phrasing of its principles and the first article, "Reconstructed but Unregenerate." Confronted with industrial encroachment of the South, the twelve Southerners spoke out bluntly against the accelerating demands on the laborer's enjoyment of his labor. Ransom sounded the keynote in the "principles":

> His [the modern employee's] labor is hard, its tempo is fierce, and his employment is insecure. The first principle of a good labor is that it must be effective, but the second principle is that it must be enjoyed. Labor is one of the largest items in the human career; it is a modest demand to ask that it may partake of happiness.

This almost hedonistic basis for the agrarian movement, certainly not understood nor heeded by all farmers, is, nevertheless, a cardinal point in Ransom's regional aesthetic. The essays were in defense of a way of life, not of kennel-dog security, but of the fury of enjoyment. After all, enjoyment is private, not universal, or even of the masses. So is security, for that matter.

Ransom deployed his arguments under the aesthetic principle that happiness, both economic and aesthetic, accrues to the subsistence farmer who tills his own soil and enjoys the fruits of this labor, i.e., "All labor should be effective without being arduous; and with the general proviso that the best labor is the one which provides the best field for the exercise of the sensibility—[it] is clearly some form of pastoral or agrarian labor. Agriculture has always held the primacy as a form of labor. At least it

has until recently, when it began to be mechanized, hurried, and degraded."

The industrialized, or mechanized, farmer cares little for the land, other than as a money-making concern. Obviously, subsistence is not his primary purpose, or any one of his purposes, in tilling the soil. Farming is to him an enterprise, "a factory," that is always in danger, however, of becoming over-mechanized, over-capitalized, over-productive, and consequently bankrupt, or what is probably worse, subsidized.

The agrarian economy, on the other hand, implies a polity of self-sufficiency with subsistence farming predominating over money-cropping. In a self-sufficient economy, time can be found for the leisure on which "a good life" depends. Leisure is discipline, but it is discipline which is not apparent, discipline which creates time to spend, and gives the mind an opportunity to develop its own tastes and desires. Ransome says, "An agrarian economy does not conceive of the land as a capital to earn with; not primarily at least; but as a direct source of subsistence for its population. This is the most ancient of economies, which many times has proved its validity."

The enemy of this economy, in Ransom's view, is science. Science as applied to land denies a leisurely culture which sustains itself, and makes land, along with the farmer, a slave to scientific axioms. Industrialism, or scientific method applied, impoverishes the mind of man by first seducing, and then murdering his sensibility. In a sense, Ransom has applied the Faust myth to modern agricultural economy. I suspect that the application is legitimate. It seems to be successful when applied to baseball players (as in *Damn Yankees*, a musical comedy based on the novel *The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant*), to voluptuous, seductive movie goddesses and demon-ridden movie magnates (as in *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*).

In the South, where industrialization had not completely gained control, a man's life could still be oriented politically and aesthetically. The Southern way of life inculcated an interest in culture based on traditional arts in which the mind had time to develop an aesthetic sensibility. Ransom's argument is in itself seductive, and more so at present when there is so much unstructured leisure created by a shorter workweek. In a society where the worker's leisure and labor do not coexist, little that is culturally significant can be created. But in Ransom's theory, a leisure that grows out of enjoyed labor has structure and meaning, since it has an aesthetic base. Perhaps we can see in the Old Adam-like fetish of delving in the rose garden by the industrial executives a manifestation of the archaic, protean nostalgia for beauty, a beauty, needless to say, that has absolutely nothing to do with mechanization, or the job in the office or in the physics lab. But to the executive, it is escape into the poetic, pastoral world that he does not recognize or understand, trying to shape where there is no shape. These men may be arrogant, powerful, efficient, and dynamic, dervishly active, but their attempts at play and love are pathetic, almost pitiful. In the agrarian, the individual way of life has form.

Ransom's theory of a regional aesthetic is developed in several essays whose titles give some import of their subject matter: "The South Defends its Heritage," "The State and the Land," "Land! An Answer to the Unemployment Problem," "Trading Culture for War Debts," "The South is a Bulwark," "Happy Farmers," "A Capital for the New Deal," "The Aesthetic of Regionalism," "Hearts and Heads," "What Does the South Want?," and "Modern with a Southern Accent." These articles now seem dated. But I am not sure that they are. First, Ransom stated explicitly that he was not discussing the Old South, scented, frilly, and cavalier. He concerned himself with an agrarian economy rather than with a plantation economy. Second, in order for a regional aesthetic to survive, it must partake in a balanced existence that will allow the individual an optimum development of all his faculties. According to Ransom, this can be done most efficiently in an agrarian so-

ciety where particulars or objects exist in their multiplicity and infinity. Aesthetically, this way of life consists of a jungle of metaphors existing in a universal order, and certainly basic to Ransom's concrete universal poetic. In other words, there is a fence row there among the wild bushes where the sweet birds sing, where even the copperhead coils, the dogwood blooms, and the predator lurks. Furthermore, the agrarian economy, upheld by small, independent landowners, resides in the "ownership of property," and constitutes "one of the most sobering responsibilities that citizens can have under a free state."

The second point, "a balanced existence," or more specifically in Ransom's terms, "an order of existence," brings into focus the strictures on science, "the father of industrialism." To develop this line of his thought, we need to return to the book *God without Thunder, An Unorthodox Defense of Orthodoxy* (1930), Ransom's first volume of economic and critical prose. It can be described as a foundation statement for the later and more scrupulously argued observations about science and its effect on aesthetics. Nonetheless, as the title implies, Ransom is ostensibly concerned with religion—or the loss of it. And always the agrarian argument underlies the defense of religion. First, the religionists are "almost inevitably" agrarians, since they are closer to the "elemental soil." Second, and from Ransom's point of view the more important, science, which has taken some of the sting out of orthodox religion, is only half of the order of existence, the rational half. The rationalist assumes that all being is explainable in "scientific terms," neglecting to consider that "there are limits to human understanding," that, regardless of the universe of discourse, it is impossible to transcend the human reference point, that as P. W. Bridgman points out in his *Philosophical Implications of Physics*, "We are now approaching a bound beyond which we are forever stopped from pushing our inquiries, not by the construction of the world, but by the construction of ourselves." This one-sidedness will not do. A whole order of existence must necessarily include the contingent, and here we meet Ransom's "ontological" method, a critical measuring-rod that insists on accounting for both the rational and the contingent in man or in a literary work.

A combination of the rational and the contingent exceeds definition, but still can be summed up in the individual in all his complexity and richness. Science can abstract only, thereby losing sight of the unique and complex character of objects as such. In so doing, scientific inquiry can produce merely that which it produces after its own design—it chases itself. A homely simile describes this much better: Science resembles the dog that pursues his tail for the sake of pursuit, and no matter how large the circle, he is still merely pursuing his tail. He is a tautological dog, pure activism. Ransom says, "As the scientific mind came to look more and more like God's mind, God began to look more and more like a simple scientist." To us, soft bulbs that we are, glowing only intermittently, perhaps this is best. After all the scientist can only blow us up or toss us to another world, while the old God, nasty old tyrant that He was, would promptly burn our sins out of us in Hell, probably with some justice.

Scientific investigation, by its nature, cannot admit of the contingent, the inexplicable, the unpredictable, or, if we must, "faith," or, to extend, God, defined as "a universe of a magnitude exceeding its own natural history." Of course there is a margin of error, measurable percentage-wise, bound in numerical limits, wherein lives Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch's "Minimal Man." In contrast, variety exists in the area of contingency. Actually, Ransom comes to terms with science by pointing out that it accounts for a part of the order of existence —the abstract part. Science manhandles objects with abstractions, measurements, predictables. In a regional aesthetic, however, the object, or "concretion"—Ransom's term—is celebrated lovingly and sentimen-

tally, not scientifically. The object takes on mythic properties, "resorts to the supernatural in order to represent the fullness of the natural." Ransom goes on to say, "The myth-maker is a desperate man, for he has a memory. He remembers the remarkable individual in the richness of his private existence. He sees little relation between that individual and the dry generalization into which science would fit him." The myth-maker or artist handles, or should handle, the particular order of experience, and attempts, or should attempt, to account for the whole particularity of existence, the "concrete universal," as is illustrated in Ransom's essay, "The Concrete Universal: Observations on the Understanding of Poetry" (1955).

To demonstrate further how the regional aesthetic, based on agrarianism, affected Ransom's poetic theory would require lengthy quotation from later purely literary articles. Since this would move us too far from the economist period, it is sufficient to say that the foundation of his argument is solidly built on a regional economy, where, to recapitulate, property becomes something personal, something cherished, and something that has infinite possibilities. The agrarian puts his time and energy into a part of himself and is enriched thereby. His existence is structured, meaningful, substantial, and his way of life is an attitude that pits him against God and against Nature, not against Man and against Society, as the sociologists would have man do. In this state, he does not commit the sin of pride, for he realizes that he is not supreme. He may be awed and humbled, but he has a freedom that allows him to take a second look at himself and at the inexhaustible particularity about him. And above all, he is self-sufficient.

Whether or not the regional economy advanced by Ransom—and others—is pertinent now is a moot question. I suspect that it has been discarded almost entirely, except in the impractical dreams of suburbanites; or in the lives of those tourist attractors, the culture-laggers called Yankee traders, red necks, or sturdy mountaineers, depending on the prejudices of the name-callers, who live in enclaves such as New England, the Midland South, or the Appalachian Mountains, where, of all things, food is still home-grown and preserved just as though the scientific miracle, or "breakthrough of knowledge," had not occurred, seemingly unaware that a shot-put contest, the like of which the world has never seen, is now being waged. Strange—isn't it?—that Robert Frost, Robert Penn Warren, and William Faulkner originated and matured in such areas. Perhaps it is enough to say that at one time the regional economy had validity, for it was *the* pioneer way of life, based, by the way, on the outmoded, "self-sufficient" individual. That we have "progressed"—"metamorphosed"—out of it is certain, but we are still faced with an unstructured leisure-culture.

Nevertheless, these essays, written during a depression period when economic hysteria was omnipresent, have some of the quality of revelation about them, especially enlightening during an era of great prosperity and technological change when we take note of the plight of mechanized farmers and eternally obligated urbanites and exurbanites, who have over-capitalized, produced unsalable surpluses, and mortgaged their lives, or when we remember our own almost dehumanized lives, just so many calculus equations, abstractions that do to fill out a statistic, swell a catastrophe.

Regardless of the present-day value of the essays, the fact that a poetic theory is based ultimately on an agrarian or "regional" economy is important. Furthermore, Ransom says, the poets and critics who originally subscribed to the agrarian economy matured under its influence. Fifteen years after the battle, Ransom wrote, "And now, for example, whatever may be the politics of the agrarians, I believe it may be observed that they are defending the freedom of the arts whose function they understand. Not so much can be said for some intemperate exponents of the economic progress."

Wanted: A Foundation for the Arts

CHARLES G. BELL

A bold proposal to provide intelligent patronage for originality.

EVERYONE is writing now about the Foundations. Who can resist getting into such a free-for-all? Some self-styled patriots object to the kinds of projects the foundation money supports. I would rather object to "projects" as such. It is better to support *men.*

How does one attract such money, anyway? It is quite simple: Get a university committee in the social sciences to sponsor a project involving the word "freedom", and proposing to document by statistical survey conclusions so obvious that they have been the commonplace of philosophers and creative writers for generations—if possible, for centuries; make the project as big and expensive as possible; and as impersonal. If you do not get money with this formula, have the Foundation investigated.

We hear a lot about free enterprise and individualism and the American tradition, but like the rest of the world we seem cursed with this impersonal collectivizing of everything. Most of the great Foundations maintain collective farms of the intellect; they are afraid to gamble on creative man. Yet even in science, certainly in the arts, the chief contributions have been made by individuals, daring or isolated men, often repudiated by the scholarly collectives of their day. In his Funeral Oration, Pericles is quoted as saying: "The admiration of the present and succeeding ages will be ours. . . . we have forced every sea and land to be the highway of our daring, and everywhere, whether for evil or for good, have left imperishable monuments behind." He seems to have meant the empire and deeds of courage. But the admiration of the future has been theirs on securer grounds. The world has been wondering ever since by what marvel the greatest talents in philosophy, literature, and the arts were recognized, supported and inspired by a democratic citizenry of their own age. It is the Athenian blending of communal and individual effort which stands as a perpetual reminder to America or to any nation that wishes to leave to posterity the right kind of "imperishable monuments":—how to find and support the best talent in thought and the arts, how to endow a creative production in which individuals transcend themselves, not speaking for their own subconscious or for coterie or clique, but for society and to society; in

short, how to foster a great art that belongs?

The challenge is obvious, though unfortunately not at all. Some Foundation boards seem to think of the arts in business terms. Projects need starting—this is the idea of pump-priming—, and then the magazine or seminar or television program should proceed without aid. There has been a tendency to start and abandon; as if every good thing must be practical:—if a poetry magazine can't pay its way, along with funny papers and other articles of sale, it deserves to die. But the Roman proverb says: *Carmina non dant panem*, Songs don't yield bread; and the truth is that neither the aesthetic nor intellectual arts have ever been accustomed to support themselves—not, that is, in a purely commercial sense. Certainly in our day of inflation and high labor, books scarcely make much money when they sell in tens of thousands, and no poet, philosopher or creative historian, in short almost no serious writer at all, can actually live by his pen. True, there have been exceptions. The novel, in some periods, including that through which we have lived, has been able to maintain itself at a fairly high level on the proceeds of popular sale; and we are told that Shakespeare returned wealthy to Stratford. But in general neither poetry nor philosophy, art nor music, has balanced the budget in this way.

It might be agreed that any art which has existed at all has been a going concern. But there is a mystery in the bookkeeping. The arts have been achievements of debit financing. Patronage of some kind has paid the bills, even to a considerable degree in the case of Shakespeare. The criterion of a great culture is just this: how securely has it set up laws and traditions to syphon off the requisite funds (whether through church, universities, the wealthy, or the state) into the channels of spirit; how wisely has it chosen those who receive such support; how free has it left them (or better, how richly interacted with them) in the act of their creation?

The need is an organic one: the nerve cells cannot feed themselves; they must be fed and empowered for the work only they can do. It is a question of building into the whole plant and every cell the instincts and exchanges which maintain this flower. The challenge is that whatever patronage existed in the older stages of Western society has dissolved: whether aristocratic bounty, or that middle-class cultivation through royalties and sale, which was doubtful enough at best. We are left with a record of abysmal incompetence in choosing and using artists who are afterwards regarded as great, and with a desperate need of erecting new lanes of support, if the arts are to realize the imperious requirements of the modern world.

* * *

There are two problems, and they are interrelated: the first, where is the patronage to come from; the second, how is it to be made wise, how develop aesthetic discrimination? The second seems harder than the first.

There is patronage of all kinds. In the late nineteenth century, the big American fortunes Duveen sold to were burning to acquire art. They built up collections which have since been given to public galleries, adding to the American grasp of culture. This is to the good. But most of those collectors, who have been compared with the princes of the Renaissance, were not patrons at all in the best sense. They patronized the deified dead, Raphael and Botticelli, who were unfortunately out of production. Their advisers were connoisseurs only of the past. Renaissance pictures were the jewels of fashion and trade. Their buyers did not even know what was going on in their own day. If they fiddled with modern art at all, their taste tended to be excruciating; the genuine poetic talents were unknown to them. The subtlest American painter, Ryder, lived like an exile. The great Frenchmen who have now risen in the stockmarket of style were unable to sell a canvas. They were painting away, noticed,

if at all, as madmen—necessarily expressing that social rupture in private rupture, or transcending (as Cezanne did) isolation in the abstract.

Contrast the Renaissance. There was no more money flowing into the arts. There may even have been less. But there was surer discrimination. Michelangelo could break with the earlier style as he pleased; he could be as headstrong and difficult as any man who ever lived; it did not alter the conviction of those astonishing nobles and churchmen that he was the greatest artist of the time; and that, however ornery, he should be given commissions. With their judgment, all succeeding ages have concurred; while the judgment of the nineteenth-century elite seems to us now timid pose and self-deception.

We ought not to idealize the Renaissance. Michelangelo saw it from another point of view. His letters deplore the inadequacy of patrons, the failure of Julius II to push on with the tomb (what the artist called the long tragedy of his life), the vacillation and lack of money which left great works uncompleted—though surely in Michelangelo's case there was the violent abandonment of mere stone which failed to realize the infinite and Platonic ideal; the fragments, that is, are not accidents, but expressions of some divine imperfectibility. Yet allow that Michelangelo felt the same frustrations and sense of titanic exile we deplore in the moderns; allow that in part this is the property of the Western creative spirit, reaching for the infinite and abandoning the temporal—still under this seeming invariance there is a critical change.

In 1402, at the age of twenty-four, the unknown Ghiberti, in public competition and on the basis of a single model, was awarded the commission for the Baptistery doors, which proved one of the generative works of the Renaissance, culminating in the East Portal, "worthy", as Michelangelo said, "to be the doors of Paradise." In 1893, at Chicago, Louis Sullivan, the most forward-looking architect in America (or the world) tried to persuade the commissioners that the Columbian Exhibition should be built in a significantly modern style. He failed. Except for his own Transportation Building (which marked the beginning of his own unpopularity) the contracts were given to timid New York imitators of the most academic French Classical. Sullivan died in neglect, financially dependent on his friends. His judgment on the affair proved true: "The damage wrought to this country by the Chicago World's Fair will last half a century." As Wright said later: "They killed Sullivan: they almost killed me." These cases are too typical of the historical transformation.

When we consider what has happened to all revolutionary or tradition-breaking artists since the middle classes came to power —when we think of Blake, the greatest English genius of his time, hardly able to sell a water color, while his fresco plans found no available wall; of Thoreau, describing his "library of nearly nine hundred volumes, over seven hundred of which I wrote myself"; of Melville pushed into obscurity for daring to write *Moby Dick;* of Whitman self-proclaimed prophet of a democracy which would not listen, writing in his fifty-third year to a European reviewer that none of the "literary persons or organs" of America "admit *Leaves of Grass* as having any value or recognize the author as a poet at all"; of Cezanne, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Seurat unable to exhibit; of Beethoven indeed, popularly blamed for his last and greatest works, though upheld by the aristocrats who had always given him patronage—when we consider the even worse record the mass-states of today seem to be making, and then contrast all this with the Renaissance, despite Michelangelo's complaints, we are left in admiration that such works were supported at all, that an unswerving discrimination esteemed the artists and works later history has esteemed, that there was so little bungling, so little betrayal of the best. Where, in our time, are such patrons to be found? The public of radio and comics can scarcely be relied upon. Who will come to the rescue?

Potential Patrons

Three possibilities are at hand, three heroes, none wholly reliable, to free Andromeda from the rocks. They are the State, the Universities, the Foundations. As long as the State is democratically run, however, it will not be allowed to support art except in times of depression, when there is a cry for stop-gap programs. For money must be squandered, literally squandered, if anything real is to be maintained, where the patronage must be so random, working through bureaucracy's triplicate files. And at any time the budget might be withdrawn, the whole thing being at variance with our "best traditions". If the government happens to be a totalitarian one, it may well sponsor a lot of "art", but the quotation marks make us leery of the result.

There is no reason why the state could not impartially and effectively maintain free arts, just as it has free universities in England (and sometimes in Continental countries), leaving them independent of politics. It is a question of building up the channels and defenses, so that money will filter as a matter of course through to the intellectual bodies without that heavier matter of interference and meddling control which most states regard as a condition of their benevolence. Certainly, in our present atmosphere of perpetual willingness to make partisan politics out of anything and at any cost, government-supported arts might lead a troubled existence: almost as bad, perhaps, as in some totalitarian countries. But that is for the moment. Clearly, the genius which built and has maintained our government of checks and balances could also set up an influence-shielded program of the artistically-administered arts, once it set itself to do so. Indeed, we should think as soon as possible about working toward this goal. Even if we started today it might take some time to arrive.

Meanwhile we are left with the Universities and Foundations. These could work separately or hand in hand. As for the Universities, it is a commonplace that the arts are moving in there, as into the cloisters in the Dark Ages. But so far they have not found a happy home. Our Universities have the American middle-class heritage of timidity, stuffiness, hatred of the eccentric and original—at least until it has received European acclaim and become the thing to be honored. There is little more power to discover creative minds and artists in the Universities than in the American public in Whitman's time or in ours. Even when they are discovered by some teacher or other (usually himself on the black-list), they are not promoted; such creative dedication is actually a mark against a man.

This is less true in science. We have tolerably good discrimination there as to which men are talented and on what grounds; and any bright young scientist will receive plenty of funds and encouragement. Perhaps too much and too early for his own good, since in all things there are limits, even in blessings; our young scientist may sell himself to the highest bidder with the largest lab, where he will doubtless find his assigned projects with their prearranged practical aims; while the synthesizing theoretical scientist exploring new ground may find himself almost as homeless as the philosopher or poet. He has moved too far from the cooperative and collective norm towards the personal and creative, where automatically he is suspect. It is the young humanist, though, who bears the full burden of ineffectuality, who sees a thousand weedy projects watered around him, while his own more important vision dies from lack of rain. With regard to the Universities, the difference may be illustrated by an imaginary case, which is no doubt actual (and typical) as well.

Conceive of this statement being made by the head of a department of physics in one of our great universities: "This young man is one of the most promising experimental scientists we have. Of course he should go on teaching the first year course. But he can do research in his spare time. Besides, every four or five years, if he outlines a project and plagues his friends for

testimonials, he may get a fellowship for $3500 or so, or even a Fulbright, and then he can push ahead."

The statement could not be made. The extent of its impossibility is a measure how far the extraordinary progress of science today is a function of patronage, of the energy and capital society has focused there. A measure also of how beached and stranded the creative arts find themselves. For this is exactly what might be said at any university of any promising young novelist, poet, philosopher, or creative humanist, of any serious writer or thinker at all.

In fact, it is the best that might be said. What is more likely is that the professor of eighteenth-century literature would complain to the head of the department that the young man was difficult, that he was introducing philosophy and the arts into his discussion-section of the sophomore course, and that while the students appeared to be taken in, this fellow was obviously outside his field of competence, that he was a dilettante. Then the young man would be called before the head of the department and told with regret that he had not won the confidence of his fellow specialists, that his larger philosophical and poetic efforts might perhaps pay off richly in time, if they should happen to justify the author's sense of their worth (of such ambitious studies the head of a literature department would not presume to judge), but for the moment and in that particular English faculty they constituted a liability. That he was sorry to say it, but the young man's services would not be required next year; and that if he hoped to get another place and make contacts at the professional meeting, he might take this friendly advice: drop the larger efforts and polish the professional axe,—in short, grind out some papers on Joseph Wharton as soon as possible. After all, the young man was only teaching fifteen hours, and if he would concentrate his efforts, he should be able to produce a bit of scholarship before summer. So the future philosopher or writer, obeying or not obeying the injunction, would go on to another university, where his genuine work would also "constitute a liability", and where, if it got performed at all, it would be in moments and snatches, or under the crippling ban of condemnation and neglect.

An Institute for Creative Synthesis

If the problem were only to continue a literature of the romantic exile, the frustrated exhibition of neurosis and symbolist rupture, this might be very well. The young man could either adjust himself to the actualities of his condition and go through life teaching undergraduate English and nursing a pack of papers like a controlled cancer in a drawer; or if he were mad enough, he could move from garret to garret and exile to exile, gathering the precious poisons of his own fragmentation. But that is not the problem. Such literature has had its day. The problem has been posed by our first example—that of Greece. It is to create a literature of wholeness. In an age as complex as ours, that means a philosophy of wholeness as well, a profound ingathering of life and mind. This is not to be accomplished by outcasts snatching furtive moments of embittered glory, but by men who are as much a part of their age as Sophocles and Goethe were of theirs, who are supported as creators and live in contact with the greater world, enjoying the patronage, if not of the entire democratic people (for that is an idle dream), at least of the best, of a responsible minority of culture and mind. A creation of the kind we require can only come from a cooperating fellowship of powerful and relevant minds.

It is incredible how little the successful American realizes what must go into significant creation today—how wonderful a fruition of intelligence and opportunity it demands. In a Great Books class of corporation-executives, I was told that every man today was in a position to be Aristotle's philosophic citizen; that he had his spare time to think in. One vice-director

went so far as to say that even the worker in a factory (that imaginary Chaplin of "Modern Times", giving the same twist over and over to an infinite row of nuts) could be "*Thinking right along at the job.*"

I told them (though it was against the rules of Great Books instruction) of that Southern politician who defended himself against the charge of stupidity: "Some folks been going around saying I'm stupid, but I want you to know, I'm thinking about something or other most of the time." Nobody would expect an equation for the unification of gravity and the electromagnetic field to issue from such thinking, nor from the meditative workman screwing nuts on cars. Why expect a philosophic integration from him, then, or a poem giving values and insights into our time? For that requires even more. It asks a knowledge of languages and of classical and modern literature; it presupposes science and politics and familiarity with the modern world; history, that most demanding of synthesizing disciplines, must be the substance of such a philosophy or poem; almost nothing can be neglected. What is required is such a convergence of powers as flowed into Dante in his day, Milton in his, but in the vaster complex of the contemporary situation. This suggests an institute for creative synthesis, an interplay of minds working at the highest levels, yet rooted in the democratic ground, in contact with the society which gives them sustenance and respect.

This can only occur in the context of our universities, and with the support and guidance of some great foundation. Even so, it may seem an impossible fancy. Yet all change, before it occurs, seems impossible. It is this which puts a premium on faith. In social and organic matters the increment is all. It is a question of making a start, of setting up the condition in which the life of humanistic creation will increase rather than diminish. Every organic life tries to propagate and perfect its own. Within a few generations a miraculous culture can unfold, like the growth of a forest on rock,

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Due to the great demand for the first issue of MODERN AGE, the editors will pay $2.00 for copies of Vol. 1, No. 1 (Summer 1957) in good condition.

each generation producing the soil in which the next, and taller, can grow. The critical thing is to make the first planting, then to hold the conditions in which the chain-reaction of living can proceed. But how to plant, how to find the seed; in such a woven pattern can anything be changed? Patronage is patronage only when it supports the significant. Otherwise it is wasted money. Will not any program absorb the timidity of its environment, the scholarly caution of the Universities, the business man's play-it-safe ignorance of the arts—be choked in the Saragasso of taste which has made generation after generation seem to the next to have been blind?

Who Can Judge?

Yet there are still men who can judge. Who are they? If I tell you I am one, you may tell me you are another; and that will prove little except that either of us is sure of himself. But perhaps the general direction to look for them may be indicated by the story of the criticisms Cezanne received on first exhibiting with the Independents. The art critics one after another exclaimed, "Madman; incompetent; can't paint a hand, can't paint a face; abominable daubs; insult to the public", and the rest. Only one was different. He said: "I don't know how it is, but whenever Cezanne puts one color down beside another it's a masterpiece." That was signed "Renoir". So the one man who saw what the future has seen was himself an artist; the professors and smart critics were as wrong as could be.

That is one reason why it is important to admit artists and poets into the Universities today, not only that they teach more vitally (as the young see it), leavening the general and sometimes soggy mass; but they provide the environment in which other creative people may find a home. They are the first trees struggling on the rock, whose leaves will form the soil for denser forests.

And lest anyone should fear that we might stock the Universities with so many creative people that we would have more than our share of them, let it be statistically considered. If Athens with its hundred or so thousand could produce the clustering of genius that it did, and Elizabethan London with about twice as many could sustain such an outburst of song, we with our hundred and fifty millions hardly need worry about a surplus. If every university town in America were crawling with artists, composers, and writers, we would still, man for man, be running behind. As it is, we labor under one of the greatest vacuums in civilized history.

If we are to come out of it, we must trust creative individuals. They are the judges who can choose their own kind. Artists must be empowered to beget artists. This is only to finance what has always happened in the arts. Haydn was the most ardent champion of the uncommissioned Mozart; Balzac recognized Stendhal; Emerson was the first to herald Whitman; the architects of the Chicago school sprang up one out of another. They recognized each other, though they were ignored by the age. It is by such snowballing that we must try to build, in as many universities as possible, creative colleges or fellowships, interacting groups of philosophers, humanists, poets, artists, composers, scientists too (and most importantly, since all modern thought and synthesis must incorporate science), but scientists who for the time wish to join in a cooperative effort to explore philosophical and creative synthesis.

Even if the Universities were inclined this way, they could not do it alone. It takes more money than they can afford, certainly than scholarly jealousy would allow. For the aim is not merely to wean a crew of poets and painters from painting and writing and set them teaching freshman courses. That would be a poor service to the arts. The aim is to endow them for their true calling, which is to create, and to form their creative heirs.

The sheer bulk of patronage is easy. If the Ford Foundation would maintain on long-term contracts a group of a hundred creators from various disciplines, and a

hundred or so younger men, moving through on fellowships of, say, three years' duration, it would have an enormous effect on the cultural life of America. This would mean that about fifty poets and writers, fifty artists, fifty composers, and fifty integrative thinkers could be maintained; and if we allow them a liberal average of five to ten thousand each a year, it would cost a million and a half, which is about one fiftieth part of what the Ford Foundation gave away in 1954. This creative academy could be maintained in several groups or centers, say about twenty men in each, to be farmed out to ten suitable universities. They could slowly begin the job of producing in each of the arts a constructive modern expression; and they could also aid in the rejuvenation of the universities in which they shared.

Details of Selection

Even if we allow that such creative societies should be framed, and that artists are the judges who can choose artists; even if this amounted to having the money in hand; we would still have the problem of how to begin and in which direction to move. It would be a pity if the thing should fall into purely *avant-garde* hands, and we should maintain colleges of fadists, precious verbalizers, abstract imitators, and fops. Equally calamitous it would be if the inhumane business man should control the board and we should have paintings of the old swimming hole and poems of tiresome simplicity and banal rhyme. How to gamble on original but responsible talent?

There is no simple answer, since we live in an age characterized by radical divergence of style and taste. The first thing to avoid is that sort of timid cancellation and least-common-denominator agreement which is the result of almost any board decision, where one man's gamble knocks out another's, and only the stodgiest competitor comes through with the faintly sufficient praise of all. To prevent this, each member of the selecting board should have a certain number of positions which he could unequivocally hazard on those he believed in. There would be wild misses, of course, and perhaps some plain corruption—judges giving fellowships to their friends, flatterers, even mistresses. But unfortunately, in the discovery of genius, a so-called "impartial opinion" is worthless. Almost every bold perception asks passionate conviction. Notice that Renoir saw in Cezanne an associate who had absorbed, partly from Renoir, the still revolutionary Impressionism.

Almost no judge, sitting down to five hundred poems of all kinds and styles, by as many young poets, unknown to him, can hit on the most promising. Before I had published anything, I showed one of my best poems to the editor of a poetry magazine. He failed to see anything in it, and gave it back with advice of the kind a teacher gives a beginner about how it might be improved. A year later (thanks to a partisan poet and friend who gambled on his hunches) it was published in one of our best-known popular, and some might say "intellectual" magazines. Then the poetry editor told me: "You know, that's a fine poem. It's a lot better than anything I had seen of yours."

"But you saw it a year ago," I told him.

"Did I?" he said. "Well, you've certainly improved it since then." I let him get away with that, though the fact is I hadn't changed a word. This man, though, was not what most readers would assume, a sham and poseur; he was honest, a poet himself, and about as good a critic as you would commonly look for. He just didn't happen to be an impassioned friend of the style-trend I represented. So he saw good in my poem only when he had assurance it was there. Most daring judgments come from fellow partisans; and a man with fellowships to bestow will be right in giving them sometimes to his friends. The more searching question is what friend he chooses to throw your influence around for some bootlicker of the academy, whether the old or the new, which seems to be the avant-garde.

So even when we have decided that a

million and a half dollars will be given away annually to support two hundred creative talents in ten university institutes or seminars; and when we have allowed that a board of perhaps twenty judges, themselves artists or creative thinkers, will choose the incumbents; and that at least half of those chosen will be the unchallenged nominees of individual judges (that is, five each), so that they can with this number follow their intuitions (though the other half, and particularly the older or more permanent members might be selected in part by discussion and compromise)—when we have agreed on all this, we still have the problem of the egg before the chicken: Who will choose the choosers? Who and how?

There is no need to work this out in detail until the money appears to be forthcoming; but two extremes must be protected against, those we have already referred to: the stupidities into which popular judgment falls, and the hermetic sterilities to which intellectuals are sometimes prone. Either must be used as a defense against the other. Thus in the Renaissance, where university science had fallen into the hands of a clique of fossils, the students' acclaim of Galileo at Padua, where the professors resented him, was good and corrective. As with any corrupt tradition, the voice of the many broke through, sensing the new and demanding that it be heard. Yet for this episode where popular vote proclaimed the genuine, there are plenty of others where students or the people follow charlatans and neglect worth. So the democratic voice, or even the general voice of the cultured audience, is no sure criterion. It can only be corrective: it must in turn be corrected by the dedicated judgment of the elite.

In any case, our board should consist largely of outstanding creators in all fields concerned. It would ultimately be best, perhaps, if at least half of these were long-term members of the "College", since most creators are concerned first with advancing their own work and then with promoting their fellows. There is necessarily a disturbing egoism to the creative personality. If the judges were not holders of awards, they would be scheming how they could nominate themselves—and rightly, since their first loyalty is to what they have to do.

But there should also be a less specialized body of perceptive human beings, having carefully defined rights of periodic review and, in extreme cases, of interference, or impeachment; and this body, like the set of judges, should be declared open for serious complaints from any person whatever, who feels that the national creative college has become narcissistic, in-grown, academic, closed to what is vital in the arts (which will mostly mean what the complainer sees himself as representing). For complainers come all kinds, from madmen to neglected talents, who may seem superficially mad, though proclaiming the future. And as far as possible the two boards (the artist' board of judges and the review board of citizens) must take advantage of every scrap of information that will enable them to keep the creative college at the forefront of organic growth, anticipating the direction in which the next generation is to move.

All this structure of checks and balances could be worked out fully when there was need, as well as those focussing regulations which would enable the body (necessarily at first somewhat mischosen and inefficient) to purify and improve itself, rather than decay and go to seed. Particularly the principle of letting men of divergent eminence select others, will achieve more than any democratic cancellation, which expresses too often the zeal of consolidated littleness.

With regard for the institution of the first provisional body of judges, which would bring into being the first creative college, one would not go far wrong if in each of the four fields (literature, including creative history; visual arts; music; and philosophy, including science) one selected, for example from the American Academy and other existing societies, five men representing the greatest diversity of critical and

creative direction, perhaps inviting guest judges also from Europe (since in the past we have allowed Europeans to discover our neglected talents); and if these men proceeded with the choosing of the rest of the college, opening the deliberations to letters solicited from Universities, artists and the general public, not with the aim of finding the most popular figure (for Liberace would then be dean of the college of music), but in the hope of discovering unrecognized champions of synthesis.

This last is especially important, because, as we have said, the daring which covers many fields and attempts an integrating construction has so far constituted a liability in American colleges and with American foundations. Thus I have personally known some of the outstanding universal men of our time, who have scarcely got jobs in American Universities—unless, having come from Germany, they neglected their larger work to teach German literature and language—much less have found support for completing their significant writing. It is this kind of handicapped seer who must first of all be incorporated in the creative college, and as soon as possible be given the chance to choose younger men of his own stamp.

One last hint should be given about the technique of selection. The candidates should not have to fill out all the forms and outline specific projects and get formal testimonials from sponsor after sponsor as is true of almost all awards today. This is just another means of assuring the mediocrity of the result. It aims at anonymous and impartial selection by an anonymous and incorporate board.

It is true that as a corrective any ambitious person should have the right to submit an application and project in the usual way, and that these should be carefully weighed and a certain number of fellowships set aside for such applicants (though even here the final stages should involve a study of actual work, which however fragmentary should show promise and daring). But most of the awards should be less applied for than offered, and on more personal grounds. As the college is built up, it will be well if an extensive file is developed of perceptive people in universities and elsewhere, whose tips and advice will be regarded as of value in creative matters. In a country like this, where the old cultural elite (which has partly survived in Europe) has been fragmented, and where men of like mind are often isolated, unaware of their fellows and without a magazine or organ fit to bring them together, it is of first importance that we build up a kind of F.B.I. organization of creative people to search out builders, not perverters, through the whole nation an operating trunk-line of those known to be alive and able to recognize the living.

Thus in time reliable information could be gathered and the creative scholars chosen by creative judges, not as projects, but as *men*. For it is as men that they will create, and as men finally that they will serve the nation, both its present and its future—most of all that eternal now of art and vision, where Periclean Athens, the young Michelangelo's Florence, Shakespeare's England, and Beethoven's Germany exist as eternal objects, shedding vitality on all ages and conditions of men.

A Virginian critic looks at the achievement and shortcomings of two modern Virginian novelists, Ellen Glasgow and James Branch Cabell.

Two Roads from Eden

MARSHALL FISHWICK

Even when a man tries to escape, he is marked by his Southern heritage; for he is then, by the very conditions of his mind, more conscious of it than ever.

—James Southall Wilson

DESPITE A SEEMINGLY impenetrable barrier of moonlight and roses, realism invaded twentieth-century Virginia.

This produced new writers and altered the latter-day works of older romantic ones. Mary Johnston became a militant feminist, especially in *Hagar*, a novel published in 1913. Thomas Nelson Page substituted for the nostalgic darkey a young radical who believed in no established order. Eleventh-hour changes by writers who belonged to an earlier generation had little effect; but the work of a sensitive young Richmond lady, to the manor born, did. Her name was Ellen Glasgow (1874-1945). She wrote the Tragedy of Everywoman in a sharply-etched Southern setting.

Ellen Glasgow was well aware of her glorious past. It reminded her of "a hall hung with rare and wonderful tapestries, or a cathedral illumined by the gold and wine-color of stained glass windows." Trained to be a Virginia lady, she appeared to conform to all the conventions of the upper class. At sixteen Miss Glasgow made her formal debut at the St. Cecelia ball in Charleston, and a year later she was formally presented in Richmond. She joined the top members of the Virginia society for summers at fashionable White Sulphur Springs. At the age of eighteen, she went to New York to hear opera, with a Southern lady who "chaperoned her severely." But in her twenties she began to separate fancy from truth and to infuse blood and irony into Southern literature.

She undertook, via the freely interpretative form of fiction, a social history of Virginia from 1850 to 1930. Designed to "treat the static customs of the country, as well as the changing provincial fashions of the small towns and cities," her books focused on definite settings. She drew communities, houses, trees, and mountains directly from life. *The Voice of the People* gave a microscopic account of Williamsburg before the arrival of neocolonialism. She spent so many months in that historic town that she "knew every buttercup in spring on the courthouse green." Petersburg was just as carefully drawn in *Virginia*, and Southside Virginia in *The Deliverance*. *Barren Ground* depicted the Piedmont and *The*

Battleground the Valley of Virginia. The southern Valley, around Fincastle and Roanoke, was the setting for *Vein of Iron;* in this book Miss Glasgow used scenes familiar to her as a child. Seven novels were placed in Richmond, where Miss Glasgow spent most of her life.

A feeling for the land became a part of her as a person and artist. "If I were to walk out into the country and pick a scene for a book, it would remain as flat and lifeless as cardboard," she admitted. "But the places I loved or hated between the ages of three and thirteen compose an inexhaustible landscape of memory."[1]

It was fortunate that she decided quite early just what she wanted to do. In the preface to *The Battleground,* her first novel, she wrote, "I plan to portray the different social orders, and especially, for this constitutes the major theme of my chronicle, the rise of the middle class as the dominant force in Southern democracy." Virginia aristocrats such as Judge Honeywell, General Archbald, General Battle, and Mrs. Lightfoot are her most successful figures. She has also left for us a gallery of businessmen, farmers, merchants, poor whites, and sharecroppers. The honest, realistic, and individualistic treatment given the Negroes in her chronicles breaks away completely from the condescending stereotype of Southern literature. Big Abel in *The Battleground,* Aunt Mehitable Green in *Barren Ground,* Mandy in *Virginia,* Memoria in *The Sheltered Life,* and Parry Clay in *In This Our Life* reveal more about the inner feelings of the Negro than have all the historians and social scientists.

The term regional novelist should not be allowed to detract from Miss Glasgow's achievement as an artist. Her work possesses universality and is never merely "local color." No person or place is described merely to add a quaint or picturesque touch. Her people are human beings wrestling with age-old problems in a particular community and time; her realities are creative, not photographic. The atmosphere and spirit of place, continuously evoked, serve her purpose as one seeking the inner truths and meanings. Her understanding and compassion had no barriers, physically or emotionally.

Still, the travails of her characters could not have been the same outside of this area. Her two major themes are the effort to survive in and renew an exhausted land, and the struggle to preserve integrity and individuality. The fields are worn out and eroded; the families have struggled for generations to create a good life. This is the South, not as Eden-seeking novelists would like it to be, but as it actually is. The snake has already brought the apple, and man has fallen.

Though most of Miss Glasgow's writing stayed at home, her thoughts ranged far and wide. Throughout her literary career she was responsive to both national and international events and trends. In the later period, her realism became grimmer and her concern with social movements keener. Taking as her masters Balzac, Flaubert, de Maupassant, and Thackeray, she was closer to European thought patterns than many American novelists whose subject matter was much wider than hers on the surface.

Her philosophy is a stoic one. It calls for the spirit of fortitude which triumphs over the sense of futility. In her world dreams seldom come true and good intentions are not enough to bring happiness. The recurrent theme is the power of the weak to wreck the strong; an honorable end is the one thing that cannot be taken away. Failure is the fate of most of her women, whose lives are founded on lies and illusions. They are always smiling and waiting — waiting for the first words of love, waiting for their children to return, waiting for the old people to die. When her autobiography appeared posthumously in 1954, the world learned that she too had been waiting.

The Woman Within, a very depressing coda to Miss Glasgow's novels, was apparently written to document "the slow vengeance life reserves for those who refuse to surrender their innermost sanctu-

aries." It tells of her lonely and agonizing life among the "mountains of grief and despair." Ironically, she did not share the invulnerability and fortitude of her own best heroines. In its place was "a morbid sensitiveness which has stalked me, in a panic terror, for the greater part of my life."[2] She tried to think of her isolation as unconquerable, but ended up complaining that she was "wounded and caged." "Why was I alone called upon to endure the unendurable?" Self-pity set in. She thought of her nerves as "harp-strings, played upon, day and night, by stumbling fingers."

Not by her fear-haunted memoirs, but her strong-hearted novels, should she be judged and remembered. Though an impenetrable wall stopped her, many of her own characters got through or, at least, were content not to. Her books are the best case studies of the twentieth-century Southern mind. They are seldom pleasant but always honest. It is the truth, after all, that will set us free.

"He had an air of legendary remoteness, as if he lived in a perpetual escape from actuality. I admired his aristocratic detachment, the fine, thin modeling of his features, and the enigmatic quality of his expression." Thus Ellen Glasgow described James Branch Cabell while he was an undergraduate at the College of William and Mary in the late 1890's. He, too, was an F.F.V., a frequenter of Richmond society, and an avowed Virginiaphile. But unlike her, he refused to record the trials and triumphs of the world around him. He scorned realism as a mark of mediocrity. Yet in his wordy escape into unreality he became more a naturalist than Miss Glasgow.

After a classical education, travel in Europe, and a stint on a newspaper, Cabell retreated into the cavern of ancestor-hunting and produced three volumes of genealogy. Then came four novels, the setting of which was a thinly-disguised Virginia. The hero, Rudolph Musgrave, was a Virginia gentleman comically conceived. Williamsburg became Fairhaven and Richmond Lichfield. They were "pleasant cities, contentedly provincial, where Chivalry and Gallantry persist with something of the old colors under no matter how changed conditions." The tragedy wasn't that these people's forebears were badly treated in the Civil War, but that they were constitutionally unable to talk about anything except how badly they had been treated.

Next Cabell created a never-never land, Poictesme — an imaginary medieval country, minutely described with all the medieval trappings. The kingdom was populated by an Arthurian circle of Cabell's creation, complicated by scores of names and genealogical minutiae. The tone of the books is tolerantly cynical; Cabell shows us the chivalric age only to prove that it was built on sham and illusion.

In 1919 a copy of *Jurgen*, seemingly destined to cause nothing more than the mild ripple the other books had made, got into the hands of John Summer, secretary of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice. Shocked beyond printable words, Summer catapulted Cabell to a prominent, though insecure, place among the indecorous literary idols of the Roaring Twenties. Amy Lowell, Booth Tarkington, James Huneker, John Barrymore, H. L. Mencken, Hugh Walpole, and Richard La-Gallienne rose to his defense. Their statements were edited and published as a separate volume, *Jurgen and The Law*. English, French, Italian, and German editions of *Jurgen* appeared. "Keys" to the book flourished on both sides of the Atlantic. In America the much-respected Vernon L. Parrington called Cabell "the supreme comic spirit thus far granted us, standing apart from the throngs of lesser novelists, individual and incomparable."

Despite all the obscurantism, the Poictesme books are much like those of the Lichfield series. Time and again we behold the attack on outmoded thinking and perfunctory religion. Cabell's whole interest in chivalry has ample precedents in Virginia literature. His concern with sex reveals his reaction against the deification of the upper-class lady. Even in his most exotic novels,

he is dealing with the world and the values by which he had been reared. His hostility to realism and penchant for escapism mark him as a complex offspring of Southern aristocracy. He saw the value, and even nobility, of Virginia. He also saw clearly that its traditions are no longer completely applicable and never were entirely valid. This is true in both Poictesme and Lichfield. "That," says H. L. Mencken, "is because what Manuel hopes and suffers and achieves in Poictesme is substantially identical with what others hope and suffer and achieve in Lichfield."

No one has shown a deeper admiration for Virginia's Robert E. Lee than Cabell. "A Letter to General Lee," published in the March, 1946, *Atlantic Monthly*, bolsters the Lee legend in the twentieth century. He informs Lee, in this open letter, that he was "born of your people and of your castes and of your adherents." Lee's declaration, after his surrender at Appomattox, that his set purpose was to accomplish something for the benefit of mankind and the honor of God, Cabell calls "a phrase which Valiant-for-Truth would have uttered, if only John Bunyan had been so happily inspired as to think of it. . . . Miguel de Cervantes might have ascribed this same phrase to the Knight of La Mancha." Here is a man whose faults, as well as his virtues, Cabell revered, and for whom he reserved a loyalty accorded to no other person. Here is a man who, having done his best, could leave the rest to God. "Nor in the event of an unfavorable decision," Cabell concluded, "is it with Jehovah, Sir, that your people would be siding."

This passage has about it the quality which Edmund Wilson praised when he wrote a retrospective piece shortly after Cabell's death in 1958. "The dignity of his life and work was also the dignity of the South in continuing to maintain its attitude," Wilson wrote. "His career commands special respect by reason of the courage and consistency with which he pursued his work."[3]

Although he chose a method of presentation very different from Miss Glasgow's Cabell had much in common with her on the level of basic ideas. Using irony as their chief weapon, both wrote social satires of the world and society to which they belonged. In characterization, points of satire, and handling of Southern ideology, *The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck* is akin to *The Romantic Comedians* and *The Sheltered Life*. Only the facade is different.

Both Cabell and Glasgow have a sense of satirical humor from which tragic irony is never far removed. Both are obsessed with style and form. Both have interpreted with candor and brilliance the follies and tragedies in our lives. As Cabell himself pointed out, "Ellen Glasgow and I are the contemporaneous products of as near the same environment as was ever accorded to any pair of novelists. From it she has builded her Queensborough and I my Lichfield. . ."[4] To examine their work and creative methods is to see both the strength and limitations of their tradition.

Despite his verbal pyrotechnics, James Branch Cabell did not escape his environment any more than did Ellen Glasgow. Though they startled their contemporaries and pulled down the honeysuckle, both were prisoners of their inheritance; prisoners not of hope, but of despair.

Unwilling to take the old road back to the South's Lost Eden, they struck out to find new and meaningful highways. Miss Glasgow's path was that of stoical realism; Mr. Cabell's, exotic naturalism. By 1958, most literary historians and even Southern apologists came to the conclusion that unfortunately both had gone down blind alleys.

[1]Ellen Glasgow, *The Sheltered Life* (New York, 1954), p. 152.

[2]Ellen Glasgow, *The Woman Within* (New York, 1932), p. xiv.

[3]Edmund Wilson, "James Branch Cabell: 1879-1958," *Nation*, June 7, 1958. See also Wilson's essay on Cabell in the *New Yorker* for April 21, 1956.

[4]James Branch Cabell, *Some of Us* (New York, 1930), p. 57. For a thorough analysis of Cabell's symbols and techniques, see Desmond Tarrant's *Towards Jerusalem* (unpublished M.A. thesis, University of London, 1956).

What Endures in the South?

BRAINARD CHENEY

The Lasting South, James J. Kilpatrick and Louis Rubin, Jr., eds., *Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1957.*

NOT THE NORTH, but the South's own sentimentality, is the more deadly threat to the lasting South.

This is my considered judgment formed over thirty years, punctuated by the appearance of two books of essays by Southerners on the preservation of the Southern tradition. These are *I'll Take My Stand* (1930); and its sequel, under the title *The Lasting South,* recently published.

Before I explain this conclusion, let me confess that I long shared the same perspective with most of the contributors to these volumes. When the former book appeared in 1930, I was as fully convinced of the importance of the Southern tradition and as much disturbed over the methods and values of Industrialism, as any of the twelve contributors; whatever doubts I may have entertained about their remedial proposals, I thought their taking the stand was illuminating and courageous and worthwhile. Even if they were to be overrun by the bulldozers of Industrialism moving Southward, I took pride in them; I admired them.

My admiration for them and their stand has not been dispelled by the years. But my view of its significance and of their vision has been modified by succeeding events—and, perhaps, by a greater familiarity with some preceding events, too. Thus it is difficult for me now to find sympathy, not to say tolerance, for the same limitation of perspective recurring in most of the essays of the recent sequel.

Perhaps this review of the work of the fourteen contributors to *The Lasting South* should be prefaced by an apology of sorts. The writer was asked to contribute to this symposium, also. But his circumstances

were such that he could not do so at the time. It now falls his lot to offer comment on the enterprise, without sharing any of the responsibility. And his criticism enjoys a hindsight advantage. For this he apologizes, but adds that in no real sense are his remarks in this piece a hindsight judgment.

There was sentimentality in the old South's view of the value of its way of life and in its blindness to the shortcomings of this way. This same exaggeration of values and blindness, I believe, is generally implicit in *I'll Take My Stand* and in *The Lasting South,* with the exception of the essays of two contributors to the latter. I may add that it was and astonishingly continues to be a part of this blindness in the recent symposium that these Southerners underrate the power and fail to see the reach of Industrialism.

Now it would have been asking a great deal of the leaders of the antebellum South to have the detachment and historical vision to sense Industrialism's potential, or to see the distortion of values in Southern chivalry (aside from the issue of slavery) let alone their taking any effectual steps to correct it. It would have taken a Julius Caesar, not a Calhoun. And perhaps it was already too late by Calhoun's time to have saved the old South.

To be sure an historical limitation that distorted the perspective of the Southerners also distorted the view of the Northerners. The American industrialists have certainly exaggerated the values of the system, even evoked false values of it, and they have shown until recently little more comprehension of the significance of the movement they led or supported than have the traditionalists. And this tendency to distort, among American interpreters, has come, generally speaking, of their effort to analyze and evaluate the history of this country as an entity historically comprehensive in itself.

It must be recalled that John Crowe Ransom, in the earlier symposium, did try to relate the Southern tradition to that of European society and especially that of Great Britain. But one is impressed now with the irony of some of his assumptions about European society then. He dismissed Oswald Spengler's *Decline of the West* cavalierly and evidenced no suspicion of the sociological significance of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past.* And there had already been written then, though I believe it had not yet been translated into English, Ortega y Gasset's *Revolt of the Masses,* that illuminating revelation of Industrialism's social triumph over Traditionalism in Europe.

Donald Davidson, another of the contributors to *I'll Take My Stand,* in more recent years has said—not publicly, I believe, and hence, I would not undertake to quote him, but in effect—that the earlier group of Southerners only thought they were defending an economy. Actually they were motivated by the desire to defend a metaphysics and to assail Materialism. The subsequent writings of several of the contributors would, I believe, give color to this claim.

But it will be held here that the metaphysics of the old South was at fault, too, insofar as it was represented in the tradition of the Southern gentleman. And a seed of Sensationalism, implicit in Southern Protestantism, weeded it with a Materialistic corruption.

The ideal of the gentleman, to be sure, was not peculiarly Southern. And, insofar as I can discover, the Southern gentleman made no peculiar contribution to gentlehood. The European gentleman, on whom the Southerner modelled himself, eventually failed his leadership, in a desuetude of agnostic humanism. In my estimation the idea of the gentleman is a bankrupt one today. And, good manners aside, the tradition of the Southern gentleman seems to me a sentimentalism for dilettantes, not a realistic hope for leadership.

I wonder if the neo-Classicism of the antebellum South did not serve the ends of self-deception more than anything else that it did? The South was an anachronism in Western society by the middle of the nine-

teenth century. It might have been categorized with agrarian Russia and Hungary and Latin America.

In *The Lasting South,* Clifford Dowdy speculates on "an independent Confederacy of the Southern States" today. My response is to point to the fate of laggard Russia and Hungary. The fate I allude to is the calamity of communization. Increasingly throughout the world this form of forced industrialization at the hands of an exploitative political group has become the fate of agrarian countries who too long failed to industrialize.

I believe that I am not one whit less concerned over the evils of the industrial system or, as it is called in its present form, the mass-production-technology system, than any of the contributors to *The Lasting South.* It presents today's overshadowing political problem. As I have said elsewhere, its power threatens to enrich and enslave the world. Those of us in possession of this machine are haunted by its Midas-like tyranny. The colonial countries in quest of it are bewitched by their dreams of its magic touch. But the delusions of preserving Classical stasis and of walling in Agrarianism against advancing Industralism have been equally productive of monstrous results.

My argument is simply this. An idea (the m-p-t system) that will increase a man's productivity, in his post-Eden predicament, a hundredfold, cannot humanly be turned back. I think our political experience has proven that we've got to treat with this idea. We can most realistically do that by trying to understand it, then to direct it and qualify its significance.

True, our Frankenstein of innovation-in-perpetuity has already pitched us into an Age of Adolescence and moves on toward idiocy. (For all of the superficial criticism it has drawn forth, the commitment of this country's industrial system to the production of *gadgetry* is much more of a calamity than a nuisance.) But the mastering of this monster and getting his head turned in the other direction, toward maturity, is no gentlemanly job.

We have got to go back further into our origins, our source of motivation, than the tradition of the gentleman, Southern or otherwise. We have got to conjure with greater Power. We have got to go back to our Christian heritage. I am looking for Christians with the blood of martyrs in their veins, and ready to spill it.

* * * *

The foregoing sketchy statement of my demurrer to *The Lasting South* is directed at what I take to be the general sense of the essays of the symposium. I cannot here review these pieces in detail, but to give this more specification I will mention the harping on a legalistic view of the South's historical position and the South's rights under the Constitution. These things were not and are not realities of this country's politics. Ronald Howell's idea of *education for the uncommon man* seems to exist chiefly in his own mind with little to substantiate it among Southern institutions of higher learning. The literalism of Protestant evangelical denominations has more connection with Rationalism than Francis Butler Simpkins reflects in his rather optimistic report on *the rising tide of faith* in the South.

The writer found the realism toward the South's limitations expressed by James McBride Dabbs in "The Land" and Ellington White in "The View From The Window" a refreshing relief from the prevailing attitude in the symposium.

Finally, he shares with Richard Weaver the intuition that the South may one day contribute leadership to the nation, but scarcely in a form as recognizable as "the Virginia planter and soldier." He believes that the elements of the Southern way that have given the South a deeper morality, greater reality of religious faith, discrimination between ends and means, and durability, may enter into the character of this new leader or these leaders. But just how recognizably "Southern" he or they will be, or whether white, or black, or yellow, I would not hazard a guess.

Is Dixie Dead?

BENJAMIN CASANAS TOLEDANO

An Epitaph for Dixie, by Harry Ashmore. *New York: W. W. Norton & Company, 1958.*

EVEN BEFORE I OPENED THIS BOOK, my sleeves were rolled: the title was more than my Southern blood could take. But as I read, my anger subsided. Mr. Ashmore's words were only those of a man self-condemned to despair.

That Mr. Ashmore's argument is in terms of symbols soon is obvious. Musty mansions represent the Old South; arrogant young factories, exhaling the smoke of contented industrialism, stand for the Brave New South. Segregation is Dixie; Integration will be the New South forged by our enlightened industrialists. The New South also will be the South of the Intellectuals, and Mr. Ashmore several times proclaims himself as one of these intellectuals.

For intellectual Southerners, we are informed, there is hope: they may emancipate themselves by recognizing and obeying the supreme law of the land. Then, and only then, may they "at last put down the spiritual burden that comes with being on the wrong side of a moral issue."

Now this question of compliance with the Supreme Court's decisions is a most serious one for all conservatives. By standing in defiance of the rule of law, they would pursue a course seemingly radical and destructive. Conservatives are champions of just authority and order; nevertheless, on occasion they may be compelled to take stands, apparently rebellious, that still are necessary for the defense of norms which a new domination would abolish. If conservatives, after much soul-searching, decide that certain institutions no longer fulfill their original end, then conservatives react against such corruption. Conservatism is adherence to norms, not to mere customs. (These views are this reviewer's, of course, not Mr. Ashmore's.)

Mr. Ashmore's own conclusion, on the contrary, is that of a materialist. True, Mr. Ashmore disinters the skeleton of morality when he desires to dispose summarily of some great problem. Whatever is local or particular, to gentlemen of Mr. Ashmore's cast of mind, is suspect of immorality. Segregation is an institution peculiar to the South; therefore it is immoral, and ought to be destroyed. The liberal dislikes peculiar institutions, for "liberal" uniformity cannot abide local and regional differences. Custom, tradition, and culture must crumble before the liberal bulldozer, clearing the way for one monotonous domination of opinion and institution: a total state,

though constructed by "liberals."

Yet I do not mean to have you think that there is no truth in *An Epitaph for Dixie*. Let me say, instead, that Mr. Ashmore's description is incomplete: his are the sins of omission. Perhaps his most significant remark is his confession that he made peace with New York not because he conquered that city, or tried to, but because he surrendered. He had turned in his sword because the invasion was complete, and he had nothing left to defend. And here he commits his sin of omission, for he fails to acknowledge that there are men in the South, literate and peace-loving, who find many things worth preserving. The Ashmores, Carters, and McGills are resigned to utter defeat, for in their minds there is nothing worth fighting for; there is little to defend and much to be against. The South can endure and weather these gentlemen, for "New Southerners" are not new to the South.

That the South's present condition is critical cannot be seriously questioned. Ashmore is correct when he declares that "the most spectacular, and perhaps the most significant manifestation of the decline of the Southern aristocratic tradition is to be found in politics." Certainly this is not a situation peculiar to the South, for it is typical of political leadership throughout the democratic United States. Parenthetically, it may be mentioned that aristocracy in its contemporary meaning is essentially a dollars-and-cents proposition. This desperate need for leadership cannot properly be localized. The South, as well as the other parts of the United States, will flourish or perish within the second half of the twentieth century, depending upon its ability to produce leaders who will, if necessity demands, give their lives to preserve and defend the essentials of human dignity, eternal values and principles, the joy of responsibility and the personal satisfaction of obedience and discipline. These vital concepts must assume their rightful places above productivity and material prosperity. The worst of all fates is to have no higher purpose than that of surviving for survival's sake.

Village

It sits cobwebbed beneath elms,
Huddles in willows, has jays
For companions, and gathers turnips
Before intemperate winter comes
With its deaths and delays.

It came to have a significant name
Because a saint somewhere died
In untempered faith; but here
Simpler swains seek love and fancy
Where no history can be descried.

Yet life is important and concludes
Merrily nothing; winter wanes,
Undeniable children proclaim that birds
Are back, and once again the sun
Conjures up pretences and gains.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG

State Rights

C. P. IVES

The Sovereign States, by James Jackson Kilpatrick. *Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1957.*

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CITIZEN of Virginia, editor of the Richmond *News Leader,* here offers an extended series of notes on the state of the South, in behalf of States' Rights, and against the Supreme Court's recent federalizing decisions, with special emphasis on the celebrated (1954) cause of Brown vs. Board of Education. The work is a good newspaper editorial *in extenso,* rather than a scholarly thesis.

Its purpose, as Mr. Kilpatrick proclaims at the outset, is to exhort and persuade rather than to explore. But sufficiently scholarly impedimenta are included to stabilize the undertaking, which is well ballasted in terms of constitutional context and doctrinal history of the Supreme Court. The prose is supple, temperate, and laced with wit. There is a good index; and also an occasional error, such as the confusion (p. 239) of the Employers' Liability Act of June 11, 1906, with the early Railway Labor Relations Act of June 1, 1898.

For his general argument, Mr. Kilpatrick draws heavily upon the line of Southern state-righters, John C. Calhoun pre-eminent among them. The book is keyed to the "interposition" power asserted for the States in the resolutions by which Kentucky and Virginia struck at the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798. Mr. Kilpatrick uses the term "interposition," however, in its broadest sense—a sense almost too broad to retain much meaning. All measures and degrees of State resistance to Federal claims are referred to as "interposition."

Thus, when the State of Georgia resisted Alexander Chisholm's attempt (1792) to assert a land-title in a Federal court, this, according to Mr. Kilpatrick, was "interposition." Calhoun's nullification of the Tariff of Abominations (1828) was interposition. Louisiana's insistence (1873) that the new Fourteenth Amendment did not abridge her right to monopolize the slaughterhouse industry—against the interests of citizens of the United States—was interposition. California's claim (1947) to title in the tidelands, excluding Federal claims, was interposition. And today, of course, the

South's resistance to the school desegregation order of Brown vs. Board of Education is interposition: whether the interposing instrument is Governor Faubus's National Guard or Senator Byrd's closing of schools against which integration orders may be issued by Federal Courts.

In fine, 1861-65 notwithstanding, Mr. Kilpatrick's book is one long defense of State sovereignty and, more pervasively, of the tripartite division of constitutional power which limits judges in the narrowest sense to judging by the written law and the stated precedents. Yet there is a difficulty in this reliance upon the classical concepts. It is that the present Court and, to a considerable extent, the prevailing climate of opinion, are much influenced by a new school of legal philosophy, which minimizes conceptualism. This must be a key consideration for a man attempting, like Mr. Kilpatrick, to convert among the public at large. For to some degree he is arguing in a vocabulary which will appear immaterial and irrelevant in the minds of many he attempts to persuade.

The range and content of this new jurisprudence were well described by a friendly observer in 1947. "Despairing of the possibility of moving legislatures," wrote Professor Max Rheinstein, "these scholars set their hopes in the judges, especially the future judges who would arise from the ranks of their own pupils. . . . For the new case a new rule must be made by the judge."

Thus baldly stated, the new jurisprudential thinking may shock Mr. Kilpatrick and other traditionalists. But their shock should not obscure the great influence which the new jurisprudence wields. Nor should they conclude that this new jurisprudence, though emancipating the judge from the classical conceptualism, is wholly without safeguard against mere whim and caprice. The new judge still will decide, says Professor Rheinstein, "not upon the basis of his own individual predilections and personal ideals, but in conformity with the value judgments of that society of which he is a functionary. These value judgments of the community are, of course, those of the individuals of which it is composed, and especially, of those who are its recognized guides and leaders."

In other words, the judge, despairing of the legislature as a conduit of the community's will, ascertains that will among the guides and leaders with whom he communes on the loftier levels of intellectual and social discourse. And the accuracy of this testing at the loftier level is to some extent guaranteed, because, says Professor Rheinstein, ". . . of these individuals [the aforementioned guides and leaders], the judge is one himself, and in that sense his individual value judgments help to shape those of the community. . . ." In other words, the judge is assured that only in some degree is his private will the communal will.

But if the new jurisprudence thus arms the judges with the dialectical device by which they escape the old conceptualism, it also implies a rigorous pragmatic test of the value judgments thus applied. Do the new court decisions in fact express consensus? Does the judge's savoring of the will of the elite, in which his own will has some not imperceptible part—does this savoring really reflect the community? Obviously the test is whether the community does in fact accept the decisions of the court. If it does, then the court has demonstrated its superiority to the legislature as the surrogate of the community will. If it does not, however, then quite different conclusions ensue.

Now in the aftermath of Brown vs. Board of Education, Mr. Kilpatrick may well be justified in pointing out the lack so far of conclusive evidence that in this case the Supreme Court excels the Federal and State legislatures as a mirror of the community will. What was involved in the school segregation cases was a special application of one of the noblest of theological doctrines —the brotherhood of man under the fatherhood of God. History shows, however, that theological doctrine is not always susceptible of imposition by government author-

ity. Perhaps with this in mind, the Federal legislature had over a long period of years reported little evidence of a new national consensus on school desegregation. Only four years have elapsed since the Court's contrary finding, but interim surveys suggest that consensus is even as yet not clearly established.

In other words, there is already some suggestion that the current Court, which was little troubled by the merely conceptual considerations heard in argument, has yet to surmount the rigorous pragmatic test imposed by the anti-conceptualist jurisprudence which it and its friends do embrace. Were the consensus assumed in its decision to lag unduly, then its abandonment of the older conceptualism would seem even to its friends as grave as Mr. Kilpatrick *a priori* argues it to be.

But for many of those he exhorts, in this rigorously conceptualist book, the ultimate proof must await the pragmatic test.

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General Jackson

DONALD DAVIDSON

Stonewall Jackson*: *The Good Soldier,
by Allen Tate. *Ann Arbor Paperbacks: University of Michigan Press. 322 pp.*

THIS HANDSOME "PAPERBACK" restores to print the biography of Stonewall Jackson that Allen Tate finished just as he reached the age of twenty-eight, and published thirty years ago, in 1928, under the imprint of Minton, Balch & Company. Although his first volume of poems, *Mr. Pope and Other Poems,* also appeared in 1928, the biography, I believe, was issued first, and I suppose it stands as Mr. Tate's first published book. A year later, in 1929, the same publisher brought out Mr. Tate's second biographical work, *Jefferson Davis: His Rise and Fall.*

For the curious literary critic, these dry facts may have a peculiar interest. He may be moved to inquire into the relationship between Allen Tate's absorption during this "period" in Confederate history and his obviously concurrent devotion to a poetry and criticism that often does not seem in the least "Confederate" or even "Southern." I wish the critic luck in his inquiry, and I hope he will make the right connection. To do so, however, he must understand the nature of Mr. Tate's interest in Confederate history, and he will also need some comprehension of both Confederate history and Southern history in general—a fairly large order for many of our practicing literary critics. Furthermore, he must begin his study of relationships at a very difficult point—the character and deeds of the Virginia orphan, Tom Jackson, later Cadet Jackson, Lieutenant Jackson, "Fool Tom" Jackson, "Old Jack," and above all the great and beloved "Stonewall" Jackson.

Why should it be difficult? Maybe it should not be, yet it is, for certain reasons. Chief among them, probably, at present, is the fact that the late Douglas Southall Freeman's *R. E. Lee* and *Lee's Lieutenants* have focused attention on General Lee with such massive emphasis that other Confederate generals, including Jackson, are seen only in relation to Lee, and are made to seem only his "lieutenants." Furthermore, Freeman's several large volumes, for all their immense authority, are actually neither biography nor history in the full sense of the terms. They are *military* biography, *military* history. For all their bulk and suavity, they omit the most important of all biographical and historical elements: they say little or nothing about the society or the times from which these tremendous figures

emerged; and they do not tell what the war was about in which these notable persons and their notable opponents risked everything. On the great issues, Dr. Freeman is studiedly and, I would say, evasively neutral. His ambitious and deservedly popular work has won general acceptance for Lee at the expense of a reduction in rank for his "lieutenants." Perhaps it also leaves the impression that the Southern Confederacy was a strictly military affair which began for no clearly discernible reason at Bull Run and ended at Appomattox in time for Lee to accept the presidency of Washington College and set a good example to the defeated South.

Whatever Freeman's intention, his vast work represents a model to which most recent Southern historians and biographers have adhered, in varying degrees of competence. It is the apotheosis of the documentary method of writing history. The history or the biography all but disappears in the documentation, no matter what the subject. The authors become hardly more than the editors of their classified "facts," so stiffly intent they are to "prove," to "pin down," so fearful are they of not being thought "objective." If I did not know that the disease is general, I would suspect these Southern researchist-historians of being afraid that somebody will charge them with crypto-Ku-Kluxism. At any rate they do not write narrative, they affect only the tweeds of the scholar or other kinds of literary undress, and, with a few strident exceptions, they pass off the responsibility for interpretation to that "somebody else" who seems to have taken over modern civilization.

In sharp contrast, Allen Tate's *Stonewall Jackson* is narrative, true narrative. In the original edition it carried the specific subtitle, "A Narrative," which has been omitted from the present reprint. Also omitted is the prescript that appeared on the titlepage of the original, from *Psalms,* XVIII, 37: "I have pursued mine enemies and overtaken them: neither did I return again until they were consumed."

This narrative intention, with the thematic interpretation suggested in the grimly appropriate Biblical quotation, is firmly and thoroughly realized. There are no documentary encumbrances; the narrative moves along like Stonewall's "foot cavalry." The only hint of authentication is in the brief bibliographical appendix, obviously intended for the reader who wishes to probe further rather than as a guarantee of Mr. Tate's "facts." But assurance of authenticity is hardly needed. Mr. Tate assumes that he is working in territory already familiar. His task is to bring the famous Stonewall into dramatic focus.

This he does with an economy and force rarely found in these times of fatty prolixities and apologetic reservations. The prose is spare. The sentences are stacatto—curt as Stonewall's commands. It is not the mature prose style that soon appeared in Tate's novel, *The Fathers,* and in his critical essays, and that began to show itself even in his *Jefferson Davis.* Nevertheless it is the prose of Allen Tate and none other—a young man absorbed fully in his subject and in evident command of it, and fully convinced, too, that the history has a meaning which it is his responsibility to render in terms of his chosen subject, not for the sake of argument but for the sake of the narrative. It is, then, historical or biographical art as opposed to the historical or biographical science of our time that inflates the means—"research"—at the expense of the end, which ought to be historical narrative in the high sense.

Here may be found, within the scale permitted by Mr. Tate's 322-page narrative, "what the war was about," and what the society was like to which Thomas Jonathan Jackson by nature and preference belonged. Allen Tate does not shrink from interpretation. His interpretations are based on insight as well as on research. They appear only where some dramatic point in the narrative needs the illumination and emphasis that they provide. He is not interested in merely piecing together, in what would have to be an abstract mosaic, the fragmented

bits that the pseudo-archaeologists of modern history seem content to recover, as if recovery were all. Mr. Tate's method—again, within its limited scale—asserts the liberty of the great historians. Who now reads Gibbon for his documentation? It is the narrative that lasts.

If it is, for example, the question of young Tom Jackson's "poverty," Mr. Tate has this to say:

> Not only on the frontier but in the South as a whole, metaphysical wealth such as we accept unquestioningly since the Civil War was unknown. Wealth as numerical operations that are no longer symbols but intrinsic values of themselves would have been unintelligible to an antebellum Southerner. Wealth was a collection of physical objects; money could have been dispensed with if another device of exchange had been invented. The Southerner valued money because it permitted him to exchange one object—so many pounds of cotton—for another object—a team of horses. . . .
>
> The idea of the "inner life", held by the Calvinist people in far-off New England, had no meaning. In the South, the man as he appeared in public was the man; his public appearance was his moral life. . . . Private affairs were not inquired into and they had no public value. A man's property was his character. Tom Jackson must set about getting property or a substitute for it. One of the substitutes was education—not learning for itself but as a means.

On secession and the causes of the Civil War, Mr. Tate advances the Southern view that the North—not the South—was engaging in "revolution":

> The Northern revolutionists chose to interpret the Constitution through some mystical sense that had no exact correspondence with the letter of that document. . . . They interpreted it by abstract right. The South interpreted it historically, literally. . . . Secession was not

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> revolution; it was Constitutionalism. People said that the South was about to break away from the government. In the North there was the underlying idea (even Lincoln had it), rationalized and given rhetorical dignity, of the "government" as a collection of public buildings, as a political machinery, that had for some obscure reason to be preserved. The South said that the only government was the Constitution, and that the North was about to tear it asunder.

These are remarkable passages, for a historian-biographer of 28. There are not many of this character or extent, but without such observations here and there and the direction that they give, the narrative would not have either the force or the meaning that it still has thirty years after first publication. It would be only an abbreviated military history of Stonewall Jackson, with no particular quality to differentiate it.

I would never wish to overstate the case for Mr. Tate's biography, which after all is modest in scope and does not pretend to be definitive. Research specialists will be quick to point out its omissions. But the seemingly numerous followers of Civil War history can of course turn, if they wish, to the recent excellent biographies of the research type that treat Jackson's career in full documentary circumstantiality and that correct the errors made by Henderson and other biographers antedating Freeman. But for all their documentary elaboration the later biographers cannot actually *explain* Stonewall's peculiarities or genius any more convincingly than Tate—if, in fact, as well. They cannot really account for his mysterious failure at White Oak Swamp in 1862—nobody can. Above all, they do not and maybe cannot gauge the essential difference in quality between Lee and Jackson, as Mr. Tate does in one brief stroke.

> He [Lee] was probably the greatest soldier of all time, but his greatness as a man kept him from being a completely successful soldier. He could not bring himself to seize every means to the proposed end. Jackson, who saw one object only, could use them all.

And for just this reason the defeated South gave a fierce devotion to Stonewall Jackson differing very greatly in quality from the devotion it gave to Lee.

The documentary historians do their work admirably, but do not generally permit themselves to think bold thoughts. They reach, I feel, only a rather special cult of readers, who also will refrain from bold thoughts and therefore will remain imaginatively inert, unaffected, unable to bridge the gap between past and present. What, then, does history-as-science do for us? We cannot live on mere information, however deftly excavated. Without history-as-art, which is to say history-as-narrative, we are in danger of losing that sense of the continuity of life to which we give the name, historical consciousness. This early book by Allen Tate is, of course, crude in comparison with one that he might have done in his maturity. Nevertheless it is right in its conception of the historian's task, and it is important for that reason. That is what gives the book its quality. That is why it survives and well deserves this new publication.

We Urge
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Confederate Command

WILLIAM McCANN

Rebel Brass, The Confederate Command System, by Frank E. Vandiver. *Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 143 pp.*

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF an administrative organization through which military command could be effectively exercised was an essential problem facing the Confederacy when the war began, and it was present still, only partially solved and as baffling as ever, at Appomattox. The heart of the difficulty, most historians agree, was the doctrine of State Rights. The drastic, far-reaching mobilization measures needed for successful unification of the war effort were continually obstructed by the intransigent demands of the states that their particular rights and their sovereignty be not infringed.

"The revolutionary government that . . . [Lee] espoused in 1861," writes D. S. Freeman, "had been created as a protest against an alleged violation of the rights of the states, and it made those rights its fetish. When it required an executive dictatorship to live, it chose to die by constitutionalism."

Professor Vandiver is one who believes that "had all of the economic and human resources of the South been managed for a total war effort, the Rebels could have won." But from where, he asks, should the directing influence have come? "Since supervision of administration was the President's function, he should have provided the necessary co-ordination." Thus, inevitably, this short, interesting study of the conduct and direction of the Confederate struggle centers about the controversial figure of Jefferson Davis. Since completing the present volume, Vandiver has been working on a full-length study of Davis.

Even if the President had not been confronted, from beginning to end, with the frustrating consequences of the South's rigid devotion to State Rights, his personal frailties and the defects of his virtues combined to weaken his leadership seriously. "He was abnormally sensitive to disapprobation," said his wife, Varina Howell Davis. "He felt how much he was misunderstood, and the sense of mortification and injustice gave him a repellent manner." This repellent manner, by itself, became a distressing disability in an executive whose duties, under the circumstances, consisted in large part of efforts to compose the disharmonies and conflicts of interest among the Confederate states.

As a well-trained soldier, Davis could not, despite his political theories, happily endorse the policy of "dispersed defense of scattered localities" imposed upon him by the clamorous insistence of the separate states. But his resistance to these demands, perfectly justified as it was on military grounds, was too often impolitic and stern when it should have been persuasive and conciliatory. General Lee, dealing with similar dilemmas, accomplished much by his consumate tact. At the end of the war,

Davis' unpopularity was almost universal. Even the private soldiers of the Confederacy, said G. C. Eggleston in "A Rebel's Recollections," characterized Davis, unfairly though understandably, as "the grand master of incapacity."

In his classic study of leadership in the war, Major General Sir Frederick Maurice, while paying his respects to Davis as an administrator of more than average competence, asserts that the President's fundamental failure "was in the general direction of military operations, in combining policy and strategy, and he failed there because he had never worked out in his mind a system for the conduct of the war." Davis' great single asset, says Maurice, was "his knowledge of the character and qualifications of the officers in the army of the United States."

It is manifestly unjust, it seems to me, to criticize Davis personally, as do some students of the war, for his "failure" to insist that the interests of the Confederacy as a whole should take precedence over the interests of the individual states. As Professor Vandiver repeatedly shows, the prevailing doctrine of the supremacy of the states disastrously retarded nearly all efforts toward centralization of administration, whether undertaken by the hard-working, conscientious Davis himself or by other agencies of government. A better example of Clausewitz' dictum that a country fights a war consistent with its own political system is hard to find.

Though he had once served as Secretary of War (1853-1857), Davis may not rightly be blamed for the fact that in 1861 no power in the world except Prussia had devised an effective system for the provision of military advice to the head of state in war time. Nor in fighting the first "total" war in history should he be too severely criticized for failing to understand fully and swiftly the implications of such innovations, used in war on a grand scale for the first time, as steam-powered transport, the telegraph, and the caplock rifled musket.

In "Command and the Factor of Logistics," the third and final chapter of this study, the author surveys a neglected area of the war, and contributes important observations and insights. The new weapons and modes of transportation called for an ingenuity and energy that neither side could easily provide. For example, the logistic problem of obtaining and bringing ammunition to new quick-loading, quick-firing guns was a stubborn one. The inadequacies of the Confederacy in dealing with this and numerous other supply problems are revealed here in considerable detail. The non-existence of a centralized agency charged with logistics, says Vandiver, was "a signal failure of the Confederate government."

Besides all the complex administrative problems, civil and political, with which the government heroically if ineffectually struggled, it faced, as the war went on, serious deficiencies in the quality of military personnel on the command level. As casualty lists grew, the limited administrative improvements achieved here and there were largely offset by the rapid decline in the quality of general officers. On August 13, 1864, Lee sent a revealing, confidential dispatch to Davis containing the sentence, "What our officers most lack is the pains and labour of inculcating discipline." It was unnecessary for Lee to point out that painstaking and hardworking officers fought near the front with their troops and had been killed in large numbers. Two months earlier, he had desperately wired Davis that, "for some few days back we have been only able to get sufficient corn for our animals from day to day . . . . I think it is clear that the railroads are not working energetically and unless some improvement is made, I do not know what will become of us."

We know now what became of them. And these two brief excerpts from Lee's dispatches illuminate as clearly and unmistakably as do several volumes of war history the bitter facts which underlay some insoluble dilemmas of the Lost Cause.

Why Freud is not Holy Writ

ROBERT J. NEEDLES, M. D.

Beyond Laughter, by Dr. Martin Grotjahn. *New York: Blakiston Division, McGraw-Hill Co., 1957.*

DEVOTEES OF PSYCHIATRY DIFFER in one particular from those attracted to other of the medical disciplines: they too frequently expose themselves in print. Many of the ideas prevalent in psychiatric literature are useful, but too much of what is called psychiatry is revelation more of the revealer than of the revealed. And so it is with this book by Dr. Grotjahn.

I have no dislike for the author, not knowing him. Nor have I singled out his work because it is unique; it is merely the latest of several which have roused me to irritation, or laughter, or have stained my consciousness dark brown. My own specialty is cardiology, and I write about it; doctors are a writing lot. But such of our psychiatrists as write books like this seem determined to unwrap the unconscious in the public square.

The reader of *Beyond Laughter* leaves its pages with the impression that our world is a grisly place, better left deserted. Yet the real world we inhabit, where laughter still is tolerated, is not altogether abominable. Humor, though akin to pain, is not always painful. To such psychoanalysts as Dr. Grotjahn, however, jokes are amusing only as cadavers. In a joke is a wandering id from which the ego has peeled: it is corrupt. Yet perhaps not all odors the psychiatrists detect arise from without. I suggest that they have closets, spare rooms, and the basement at home re-examined.

The patron saint of this psychiatry is, of course, Sigmund Freud. Their Decalogue is a monologue, which proclaims the root, trunk and branch of life to be sex, sensuality, concentrating on a morbid preoccupation with libido and its instruments. *Erst war Freud.* From his seances came a host of disciples, and though somewhat splintered, they have not strayed beyond hearing of his voice, now become echo. True, Freud used the symbols of libido, incest, and castration as descriptive terms, but beside them original sin was minor league. Only a heretic, like myself, would suggest that minors get the better of that exchange. And if the master spoke more in parable than actuality, and his words meant not what they suggest, it is beyond most of us to regard "castration" as merely symbol. If

"rape" is to them only a word, to others it has a meaning which is direct, brutal, and unmistakable. Perhaps they should start again, and avoid words which say exactly what we know they mean. It was they who chose to use such words as these, and it is they who seem unafraid to encourage their public use.

Now to some, including this writer, not every stick is a phallus, nor every cork. Not all men are happy to be related to Oedipus. Not every little boy who needs a solid spanking should be nursed into belief that no matter who is to blame, it is not he. One wonders what Social Darwinism says of a discipline which insists that the genitalia of man are no less interesting to him than those unashamedly caressed by our anthropoid cousins? Such thinking is not denied to psychiatrists, among themselves nor in their journals. If they find this area fascinating, no matter how they interpret it, they should be allowed to continue. Their chief error is their eagerness to burst into more simple and perhaps healthier minds. Much of what is wrong with the world today, its confusion and grief, its disorder and brutishness does not require psychoanalysis.

Our troubles are in some degree the result of premature sanctification of philosophic psychiatry. They assumed hurriedly that all the world is a couch. Their ideas have infiltrated entertainment, novel, and drama. Justice has been perverted into pity, and encouraged ideas of perverted celestiality to be repeated for those who know no better. To the psychiatrist turn the failure, the crook, the spineless, and those only confused by that confusion created by psychiatrists. They should have been less sure. Perhaps they, themselves, should go more frequently to psychiatrists. They need chastening. As Archy said to the vain firefly: "You've made lightning for two hours little bug but I don't hear any claps of thunder." *(The Life and Times of Archy and Mehitabel.)*

The shocking promise of *Beyond Laughter* is evident in the preface. Against the soundest medical opinions known to me, he suggests self-treatment. "Reading this book should become an emotional analytic experience . . . . At the end of the book he should have the satisfaction of having met once more his creative unconscious." This is approval of that ignorant savagery beloved of those who have signed up for Psychology I. They find it itchily strange, and begin to see in others and in themselves many double, or multiple intents. The verse of pool-hall washrooms is no less violent, though more polite, than their interpretation of each word, act, or opinion. The dark remoteness of emotion, the acknowledged bursting by the animal of its humane veneer, is only proper material for profound worry and convinced interpretation. If the physician who treats himself has a fool for a patient, how shall we describe that one who advises us to ponder our own unconscious? One would have thought enough sadness and humiliation is abroad without subjecting it to examination which exposes it as unpleasant, quite probably shameful. The trouble is, and I hope that psychiatrists will agree with me, no one is without his sin, which is perhaps the Divine reason for the shield of imperfect memory. Is it not true that the worst psychiatry is that which unwraps the worried patient, exposing his sewer system, making him look at the worms in his faith and the decay in his virtue and then, having done this and more, is without that rare skill which can rewrap him more neatly? It is almost as if a beautifully wrapped gift had been subjected to the inadequate skill and curiosity of a small child.

Forever after it is not gift, but a mean attempt at concealment. Indeed, who wants to meet his creative unconscious? How does he know he would find it attractive, or even useful? All about us are puzzling things, even if we study only the surface. Need we tear down walls, dynamite emotional vaults, and blow holes in the roofs of our tensions so that we may say: See? Personally, I have things which interest me more than relating myself to my uncon-

scious. It is quite possible that I am not satisfied with myself. Dr. Johnson remarked that no one is satisfied with himself as he is. But if he does not like himself as he is, how is he likely to regard more kindly that him who was, full of lust and incest and thoughts of rape? Or so they suggest, of most of us. It has been long since an autopsy was publicly described in all its necessary detail. It will not be long, however, until another book like this will be published lacking even the virtue of morbid anatomical proof.

Freud, we are told, was not unsure of the content of his dreams. He was only unsure when it came to finding terms which would be noble and simple. He felt a need to strain after the picturesque. It was Mark Twain, I believe, who told of the garrulous blue jays, profane and talkative, but cursed with the fault of atrocious grammar. Freud liked jokes, although perhaps not as jokes. ". . . The little Jewish soldier . . . was advised by his commanding officer: 'Ike, you are out of place here. Why don't you buy your own cannon and make yourself independent?'" Now I wonder if Freud felt out of place in medicine and bought his own cannon? You see? It is easy to interpolate when one reads this type of thing. The plot occasionally thickens to unintelligibility: "Aggressive wit is a streamlined outlet of stimulated, then inhibited and finally released aggressive energy. An aggressive idea is aroused, then suppressed and removed from consciousness to unconsciousness. There it is disguised and may enter consciousness again. If the disguise is successful the aggression passes the censor, escapes further repression, and may be consciously enjoyed." Or, on again, off again, gone again, Finnigan.

"Optimists live as if life offers them a drink or a breast to nurse from." And if one is offered a drink, and we pause here, should he scowl in order to prove that he is no optimist? "I have been castrated, nothing can happen to me anymore, I am going to make the best of it." Thus spake a woman, almost optimistic in her resigned acceptance. Personally, it would make me rather cross to have been so mutilated, although it is quite possible that the author did not mean what it sounded as if he meant.

"The pessimist tries to adjust to misery by continually repeating the trauma of weaning in the hope of achieving mastery." No wonder he is pessimistic, if weaning is still so greatly written in his behavior. "Where wit disguises, cynicism defies." Self-analysis comes to jog me here: he is talking about me, which makes me rather proud, unless pride may even be worse, in which case I reject the insinuation. "Inability to smile characterizes emotional starvation and loss of human contact . . . . Suckling pigs, nursing cattle, little goats, and even kangaroos in their pouch seem to be far away from the eyes of their mother." This I would like to see him prove, unless he can project his unconscious by Pythagorean mystery farther than I would risk my own. "The father is not the Titan who castrates or kills, nor is he the weak and enfeebled old man playing the role of a child or of Oedipus." No comment is here required, since I would not know what to say, or knowing, never dare. "What the stick is to Bobby Clark, the cigar is to Groucho Marx, who portrays the impotent father with the gait of a man whose back is broken." You must believe me, — these are direct quotations. And Clark, the author forgets to mention, was also clever with a cigar! This was careless of him, for if he used *both* stick and cigar, how would this reflect the riddle of that Sphinx? And if you are upset because you had thought Groucho and Bobby quite funny, spend a moment in considering their reaction should they ever read these reasons for their comic antics. No wonder the world is so sad. Indeed, is this not sad? The frightened male, deep down in his unconscious, ". . . carries a dread of the woman, who knows all about castration, since her anatomy proves to him clearly that she is nothing but a boy who lived to tell." Now when I was a boy, no such nonsense was

around. True, this was some time ago. We do live in a changing world, but if this be the current attitude, I can only express my gratitude for having been allowed a less gloomy youth. This kind of laughter I am happy to be beyond.

The book is not empty of humor. "A man in the company of a prostitute is surprised to hear that she has a sister who is a psychiatric social worker and a brother with a Ph.D. Thoughtfully, he ponders such differences in destiny within one family. He asks her how it happened that she became what she is. The girl answered: 'Just lucky.'" I rather agree with the girl, and only point out that it was the author who said it. "Kilroy spelled phonetically reads *kill-roi*, the murderer of the king, the rebel, the assassin, the Oedipus." Now who would have imagined that he who had always been there was so sneaky? And Stalin was upset, we are told, to find that this same fellow had been in the dictator's bathroom at Potsdam. Of course, Stalin was not really a king, nor is *kill* exact translation to match *roi*. But Stalin is presumed to know that regicide was in the fellow's mind. I venture no opinion. Ferdinand refuses to die for dreadful desires and deeds. "The smell of the flowers in the lady's hair is enough for him. He is not out for murder and rape." So being not out for murder and rape, Ferdinand is abnormal, regressive, and all that.

Little is left, really. And nothing more can be done to demonstrate what I mean to say. This is the kind of a book which should be held for the professor, or at least the associate professor. Such glibness to the point of poison can scarcely settle a mind already skeptical of its own worth. And if, as invited by the author, he uses this sort of material for self-analysis he will be ready for Stalin, perhaps, or a bull-fight. What else?

But poor modern man, he who is so sure of his erudition, his ascendancy over the lower beasts, what of him? He is never allowed relief from sexual flamboyance. The plays which are recommended to him are not infrequently peopled with morons, failures, prostitutes, and other sad and unkempt refuse. Those books seem most highly recommended which flagrantly pitch their piety in bedrooms or their characters in sleeping bags. Psychology rules the courts. Sociology, young but rapidly gaining, is rampant where men are goats and the free seem determined to regress to slavery, previously rejected. If ambition is only Oedipus, and greed is attributable to phallic neglect, it is indeed a world peopled by those whom Machiavelli described as "a sorry breed." But "breed" is not nice, really, unless we say it is semi-incestuous, libidinous, and proper material for savage speculators who must hate none more than themselves who pick our wits. Nothing, nothing at all which is nice is free of vice. On the other hand, they may be looking at us through their own lenses, and these are full of spooks. Someone is wrong. I choose to believe that it is they who are in error, unless they have more evidence than they have thus far advanced.

Their thoughts seek ghosts in the dark recesses of human minds. Ghosts there may be, though scarcely all kinfolk of Oedipus, himself ghost. And, like children telling horror stories, they frighten first themselves and too quickly all others, as they announce the capture of yet another arrested fragment of the human spirit. Their fallacy is what Whitehead called "misplaced concreteness," to which I add only agreement. Concrete not yet dry may be an unreliable bastion to defend. Hardened, that same material may imprison beyond laughter those who believed in it.

Moderation: The Noblest Gift of Heaven

KENNETH COLEGROVE

Radicals and Conservatives, by William M. McGovern and David S. Collier. *Chicago: Henry Regnery Company, 1958.*

BOOKS ON POLITICAL and social philosophy may be divided into three classes: (1) erudite books intended for the scholar and advanced student; (2) books in more simple language designed for the reading public, in which the author, as expert, essays to give an "objective" or non-partisan appraisal of human relations; (3) books written for everybody who cares to read a serious book in which the author takes a view frankly partisan.

Radicals and Conservatives falls into the third category. This book achieves its purpose so well, in this reviewer's opinion, that it merits an analysis more serious than a mere brief appraisal. In many respects, it is a model of popular political polemics. Its manner of presentation and its skillfully devised dialectics can be recommended to all who hope to exert influence upon public opinion.

The book is an essay, rather than a treatise. Its 174 pages barely exceed the length of John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty,* and are much shorter than Burke's *Reflections* or Paine's *Rights of Man.* It can be read between a late luncheon and teatime, by a scholar. A college freshman ought to be able to absorb every page, without the aid of a dictionary, in an afternoon and short evening, and still have time for the last movie show. The average businessman can master its contents in a train ride from Chicago to Cleveland.

Aristotle, the most intellectually honest of philosophers, made *definition* the very foundation of logic. Too many modern writers ignore or evade this obligation that they owe their readers. Accordingly, it is refreshing to find that McGovern and Collier open their essay with a clear delimitation of the principal terms in a field of great political controversy.

The same pedagogic honesty continues throughout the essay. Every new term is defined by either a qualifying clause in the introductory sentence, or else by a following sentence, stating in simple language exactly what the authors mean by its use. This style, readable for the layman who may be untutored in political philosophy, is also satisfying for the scholar who is thus never at a loss as to the precise connotation intended by the authors. In this respect, this political essay is a model, all too rare, of intellectual integrity and clarity.

In a hectic modern age, when such expressions as *liberalism, conservatism,* and *radicalism* have become shibboleths or fighting words, it is instructive to place these terms in their historical context and

to seek a definition of these concepts upon which all reasonable men can agree.

Obviously, the authors intend to propose a bi-polarization of political thought which places ultra-radicalism at one extreme and ultra-conservatism (Tory reactionary elements) at the other extreme. Thus, an ultra-radical, in simplest terms, would be an uncompromising theorist or politician who would make root-and-branch changes and reforms with little or no concern for tradition or *mores*. By the same token, an ultra-conservative would be one who resists all change regardless of human welfare. Between the two poles lies a vast stretch of conflicting political attitudes.

This is where liberalism enters the arena. A liberal may bend towards radicalism or he may bend towards conservatism. He cannot consistently bend both ways at the same time. The authors make no effort to conceal their profound respect for the *liberal tradition* which they briefly sketch in retrospect. Indeed, they identify themselves as *conservative liberals*. They classify both Burke and Bentham, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Jefferson, as liberals. But Burke and Hamilton were on the conservative wing, and Bentham and Jefferson on the radical fringe of liberalism.

All of this, of course, requires a precise definition of liberalism, which the authors define as the "acceptance of both democracy and individualism as the basic doctrines in a political creed." It would be difficult to quarrel overmuch, whether historically or philosophically, with this definition. The authors are careful to point out manifold interpretations of liberalism through several centuries, from the *laissez faire* of Adam Smith to the big government planning of the New Deal. But they are correct in holding that throughout the history of liberalism all liberals have at least paid lip service to most of the ideals of democracy and individualism.

In this bi-polarization of political thought, where is the place of collectivism, Utopian Socialism, Marxist Socialism, Fabian Socialism, National Socialism, Fascism and Communism? Here, the authors, for once, drop their usual clarity. But the implication is that these creeds belong on the radical side because of their contempt for tradition and their tendency to use the state as the master of society.

In this adroit skirmish in the field of definition and historical development of political concepts, the authors win a resounding victory for the conservative liberals. By moving a short distance toward the center, they capture the most strategic redoubts of the enemy. Indeed, they are able to count among their battle gains most of the virtues of liberalism including the priceless possession of moderation, called by Euripides, the noblest gift of heaven.

The remainder of the book is a brilliant consolidation of their battle line and the development of a modern creed of "conservative liberalism."

With a fine Aristotelian instinct, the authors begin to lay the foundations of their conservative-liberal creed upon nothing less than *epistemology*. They never mention this eminently respectable but terrifying term. To do so would drive the businessman reader to slumber, as it drives the average freshman to the gymnasium or the tennis court.

There was once an Oxford don who claimed that if he were told the epistemological views of any person he could immediately classify his political attitudes. There is considerable justification for such a pretentious claim. The sound scholarship behind *Radicals and Conservatives* is reflected in the fact that the authors boldly enter the forbidding field of epistemology. They take care not to frighten the reader by telling him that they are treading over the bottomless bog of the science of knowledge. Nevertheless, their intellectual integrity will not permit them to ignore the problem in spite of its intricacies and contradictions. The section on the limitation of science, drawing heavily upon J. W. N. Sullivan's classic statement of the creative scientist's approach to the unknown, is one

of the highlights of this remarkable essay. Thus, preparatory to their analysis of the nature of man and his world and of the importance of tradition in a political society, the authors give due regard to the nature of reason and human intuition.

Deftly the authors expose the fallacy of determinism as the sole explanation of human behavior. They refute a considerable amount of the anthropological nonsense regarding equality of men, heredity, environment and race, together with fallacious over-emphasis on Freudian analysis of society. As to the perfectibility of mankind, they are equally successful in demolishing the Benthamite thesis that all men are motivated solely by rational self-interest. They properly insist that conservatives have been right in insisting that "there is a great deal of imperfection and evil in human nature, and that any political philosophy which forgets this fact is guilty of a serious error." Finally, the authors lay proper weight upon tradition, emphasizing the correctness of Montesquieu and Burke both of whom held that a social or political institution to be effective must be in accord with the "spirit" (tradition) of the people.

In developing their creed for conservative liberalism, McGovern and Collier rightly lay stress on ethical foundations. They are eminently correct in saying that the scientific or empirical method cannot give us an adequate standard of values relating to human relations. They are also correct in holding that most men and women believe that there should be a standard of value. What standard is the question. Quite properly, the authors demolish the hedonism of Jeremy Bentham and the British utilitarians, and rely upon Aristotle's *eudaemonia* (search for the good life, or life in accord with reason) as well as Edmund Burke's "expedience" or the general sense of mankind. In other words, conservative liberalism would change Bentham's dictum that the purpose of the state is "to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number" to the Aristotelian notion—"to promote the good life." The

Sightseeing

Aloft on the salmon's home
At the worn rail we watched
The piers fade into frame
In the hour of the disattached.
Our eyes looked over the cold
Waves from a sunlit fold:
Father's, mother's and son's
And three motionless nuns'.
Skyscrapers shrank to pins,
The bay a fragile cup.
All of man's environs
From the Flood and the Sphinx up
Curled in the mountain chains.
As our eyes met the nuns'
We saw from sea to shore
The circle of ardor.

NELSON BENTLEY

latter goal, the authors connote with the expressed aim "to promote the general welfare" in the preamble of the United States Constitution.

One of the skillful sections of the book is the ten pages devoted to the history and modern use of the concept of natural law. Rejecting the fallacies of Locke and Rousseau regarding the origin of natural law, the authors adopt the Stoic definition of natural law as the "law of equity and of right reason" accepted by Roman Law and continuing to be accepted by millions of men and women in the modern age as a guide to positive law. In the present age when radicals insist that "natural rights" include the economic right of workers to control the national economy through central economic planning by the state, the authors conclude: "If the historic doctrine of individual rights is to mean anything at all, we must say that the state can and should promote the economic welfare of its citizens as far as possible, but only to the extent that this effort does not interfere with the basic rights of the individual." Granted that the dictatorship of the proletariat in the Soviet Union completely annihilated all rights of the individual, it is also self-evident that the Socialist government which ruled Great Britain in 1945-1952 sacrificed too many individual rights on the altar of central economic planning.

In a chapter on "Is There an Ideal Form of Government," the authors generally agree with the answer given in John Stuart Mill's celebrated essay in his *Considerations on Representative Government.* They bring his argument up to date. Representative democracy, in this modern world, is indeed the *ideal* form of government. But Mill was right, in following the postulate of Montesquieu that the best government for any people must be in accord with the capacities of the people. In many respects, representative democracy is the most difficult of governments to operate. For a given people at a given time, who lack the capacity for self-government, a more paternalistic government may well be preferable. Indonesia and Burma are examples of the tragic consequences of a too abrupt introduction of democracy in countries unprepared for the highest form of self-rule.

More than once, democracies have proved to be as tyrannical as any oriental despot. The majority of the people can easily become a tyrant. To prevent the abuse of the minority by the majority, and the ruthlessness of egalitarian movements, Mill proposed such impractical devices as plural voting. In America, the founding fathers did better by building the Union on federalism and on Montesquieu's separation of powers, together with their own refinements of checks and balances. All this meant a government of balanced forces. Conservative liberalism regrets the weakening of the federal system under the New Deal, and seeks the restoration of the constitutional balances. In conclusion, according to the authors, "if democracy is the embodiment of the principle of equality, and if individualism is the embodiment of liberty, it becomes clear that to achieve the best possible form of government we must strive for a system in which equality and liberty are equally equated."

At this point, the authors are prepared to formulate a *credo* of conservative liberalism in more precise terms. The pivot of their creed is a sharp definition of the aim and scope of the state. Briefly the creed is as follows:

(1) The Common Good: The aim of the state should be the promotion of the Aristotelian "common good" rather than Utilitarian hedonism. The scope should be contained in the formula: "As much individualism as possible, but as much state interference as is necessary to maintain the common good." This proposition utterly rejects the Rousseau or Hegelian theory of freedom, as well as the concept of the all-guiding dictatorship under Fascism and Marxian Socialism. It calls for a "balanced freedom," dictated neither by state compulsion nor by rampant individualism.

(2) Applied Freedom: Free speech is the basic freedom. The authors hold that

Milton and Locke were in error in claiming that because the employment of force will not prevent the spread of ideas, the persecution of heretical ideas is useless. They assume that suppression of free speech and press for forty years in the Soviet Union has already shown that by "brain-washing" the ideas and beliefs of men can be transformed within a single generation. But while free speech remains in free countries as the basic liberty, there are limits to this freedom. The necessity for restrictions on decency and public order are fully recognized limits. Incitement to destruction of the state by force, whether carried on by Fascists or Communists, is another limitation. Again, the holding of public office is a privilege not a right, and the state is justified in the dismissal of officials as loyalty or security risks. "In practical application, freedom of thought and expression must not be made absolute, but limited according to a philosophy of balanced freedom."

(3) Academic Freedom: The authors take the position that freedom of thought in the academic world is also a matter of balance. The attempt of faculties of colleges and universities to prevent the appointment of a non-Keynesian scholar to a professorship of economics, which has frequently occurred in the past, is as reprehensible as the refusal of a board of trustees to appoint a Keynesian scholar. The authors offer an eloquent plea to the academic world to show as much zest to protect moderate conservatives as they exhibit in the protection of moderate radicals.

(4) Moral Freedom: Conservative liberals, the authors hold, agree with both Milton and Mill that state-enforced morality is no morality. When the state compels its citizens to perform certain acts it does not promote virtue; it merely transforms these citizens into pawns and puppets. Thus, while conservative liberals will approve prohibition upon the sale of narcotics because of their highly destructive effects, they oppose a complete prohibition of alcoholic beverages.

(5) Economic Freedom: Finally, midst the violent controversies over economic freedom, conservative liberals will conform to moderation. Socialism trespasses upon many precious rights of the individual. National Socialism and Marxist Socialism annihilate all rights. Nationalization of industry does not solve the problem of labor-management relations. As Mill correctly stated, the opposite of competition in the free market is monopoly. And state monopoly as found in Communist Russia has not increased the share of the worker in the national income. At the same time, extreme individualism as advocated by Locke, Jefferson, Adam Smith, and Bentham is no longer tenable. Bentham was at fault in holding that when each man worked for his own economic self-interest he automatically advanced the economic interests of all other men. On many occasions the self-interest of labor leaders as well as of capitalists have been in conflict with the good of the community.

Locke was certainly wrong when he limited the function of the state to repel foreign invasion and punish domestic crime, and insisted that the state should be unconcerned with the problem of how the total wealth of the nation should be distributed. Conservative liberalism again takes a lesson from Aristotle, who pointed out that a state is in an unhealthy condition when most of a nation's wealth is concentrated in the hands of a few while the rest of the population remains poor. Aristotle postulated that stability of constitutional government requires a large and powerful middle class. Again, Locke erred in claiming that the individual has not only a "natural" but also an absolute right to possess property. Conservative liberals agree with Aquinas, who claimed that, while private property is indeed "natural" in man and must be zealously guarded, nevertheless every right entails a corresponding duty. The possession of property implies the duty of using property in a manner not detrimental to society.

Accepting these fundamentals, all of them conforming with reason as well as

moderation, conservative liberalism would have government intervene in business only to maintain the free market, to prevent monopoly and encourage competition, to prevent the abuse of labor by capital, and to insist on some form on compulsory saving such as social security with the intent that employees "will not become charges upon public charity when they are no longer able to earn a living." As to labor-management relations, the function of the state is to maintain a check and balance between employers and employees to see that neither takes unfair advantage of the other. The same check and balance should be maintained between all conflicting economic interests in the modern community.

(6) Balanced Freedom: The problem of liberty and authority is thus resolved by check and balance, and by power and countervailing power. In other words, that government is not best which governs *least;* rather that government is best that *balances best.*

It is obvious that this *credo* is expressed in a few short propositions for such a complicated problem as modern government. But any credo must be short if it is to attract and hold the attention of voters as well as scholars. The principles are general in character. But they must be general if they are to be comprehensive and apply to all phases of social control. To radicals and opponents of conservative liberalism, the credo may seem dogmatic. But its defenders can reply that its formulation has been founded on a careful analysis of human experience with due regard to scientific method. It has not neglected the findings of anthropology, economics, history, political science, psychology and sociology. The radical will complain that it over-emphasizes moderation. But the conservative liberal can reply that the Anglo-Saxon as well as Greek tradition insists on tolerance and moderation.

There are, of course, short-comings in both the argument and the credo itself. It is regrettable that the only reference to Mr. Justice Holmes' contribution to the philosophy of free speech is made second-handedly in a dubious quotation from Walter Lippmann. The authors imply that the obligation of property-owners to observe the duty of using their property in the interest of the community comes from Aquinas, whereas St. Thomas took this concept straight from Aristotle's *Politics.* Again, in referring to Professor Galbraith's *American Capitalism,* the authors miss the main point of this significant treatise, namely that American capitalism now rests on two countervailing powers, namely the great financial and industrial corporations on the one hand, and the labor unions on the other hand.

These are minor faults. A more serious blemish is found in what the book omits. Of course, limitations of space in a slim volume, which is an essay rather than a treatise, compel the elimination of many ideas pertinent to the general argument—ideas which the authors may consider less important than do the critics. To the writer of this review, however, the authors have failed to give proper emphasis to the influence of dialectical materialism and Marxian Socialism, and in particular to the impetus toward radicalism engendered by the cult of the economic interpretation of history. Thus, although two pages of the essay are devoted to Fabian Socialism, the essay fails to take note of the great influence of Marxian Socialism on many British Fabians whose philosophy has driven Britain into central economic planning and in the direction of communism. They also fail to point out the fact that American "liberalism" at the turn of the present century, became considerably saturated with admiration for the Marxian economic interpretation of history. The sneers of college professors, primed with study of Charles A. Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution,* dishonest history-writing as it was, has turned more college youth to the Communist fringes of radicalism than the reading of the *Communist Manifesto.*

Russell Kirk has suggested that the mark of conservatism is the lack of fanaticism

and violence. On the other hand, radicalism has been frequently coupled with both fanaticism and violence. These characteristics are typified by the difference between Tom Paine and Burke, or between the British Fabians, such as Sidney and Beatrice Webb (who lauded the Soviet Russian regime founded on the most brutal violence), and Gerhard Niemeyer, who rejects the mentality that produces such a regime of violence. Messrs. McGovern and Collier have much to say about the moderation of the conservative liberal. Indeed the Golden Mean seems to be the prime virtue of their conservative liberalism. They fail, however, to move forward to the logical conclusion that moderation rejects fanaticism and violence. They seem to imply that the counterpart of the conservative liberal is the *radical liberal.* But what about this counterpart? Is he less moderate? Is he more prone to fanaticism and violence? Presumably, yes. Human nature being what it is, we should not forget that in the realm of political philosophy there are friends of creeds and enemies of creeds. If moderation leads to justice and peaceful change, we should be told what lack of moderation leads to.

There are limits, of course, to polemics in order to guard against unbridled verbal assaults. By the same token, there are also limits to an urbanity that refrains from depicting the evils of opposing ideologies. Certainly Aristotle and the Greek tragic dramatists, like Euripides and Sophocles, who preached moderation, never failed to point out the evils of their political opponents. The literary suavity of the authors (almost to the admonition of "Think no evil") carries moderation too far in refraining from following the analysis of the radical liberal as well as the unadulterated radical to its logical conclusions.

Again the authors give considerable space to the necessity, in modern society, to curtail individualism in the business world in order to prevent monopoly and unfair business practices. They give meager attention to the problem of governmental regulation of powerful labor unions in order to prevent labor monopoly and the many abuses of unscrupulous labor leaders. The findings of the Senate Select Committee on Improper Activities in the Labor or Management Field have greatly changed the climate of public opinion on this subject.

The authors of this almost impeccable essay have rightly listed religion and belief in the existence of a deity as attributes of conservative liberalism. But what about radical liberalism? Many critics hold that radicals tend to de-emphasize religion and belief in a Divine Providence. Again, how far does conservative liberalism insist that the state should go in the encouragement of religion? It is not sufficient to leave this question only with a defense of tolerance and religious freedom. The authors unhappily fail to give even casual attention to such philosophers as Jacques Maritain, to say nothing of the dictum of the Supreme Court in the case of Zorach v. Clauson, namely, "We are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being."

Again, in their brilliant discussion of the nature of man and his world, the authors valiantly assay the problem of epistemology and the limits of scientific method. But they neglect the problem of *objectivity* in the formulation of judgments on standards of value.

Even so, all phases of political philosophy cannot be crammed into an essay which is driving forward to the presentation of a political *credo.* In respect to comprehensiveness, the essay is far superior to any of the famous essays of John Stuart Mill, or to the whole collection of speeches and tracts of Edmund Burke. Seldom, in the history of political philosophy, has a *credo* been introduced with a more balanced and complete analysis of ideologies. The authors have not attempted to offer a *Summa,* but rather an introduction to a creed for conservative liberalism. Their efforts in this direction conform in all respects to the moderation which they insist is the foundation of sane political thought.

Nibelungen Song

I

So Hagen followed Siegfried through the wood
And heard the murderous hissing of the leaves
Beneath his feet, the stiff-veined autumn leaves
That gave no sign for all their whispering;
Saw the bright tunic with the enamelled thread
Crossed by the branches, and the pallid sunshine
Without warmth. A dead twig caught his sleeve
And snapped. No other sound in the empty wood
But the twig and the boiling leaves and a redstart crying
Its upward flight.
Yet can he not hear the birds
And sense the telltale warning of the leaves?
It was a lie. They could not talk to him—
The redstart crying, the querulous woodpecker
Perched on the lead-smooth bole above his head.
It was a lie! Siegfried! The brown bird cried,
And he heard nothing. The lichen on the stone
Would wear the same blotched pattern and never tell him.
The bird and the veined leaves would never tell him.
Those leaves that budded, frayed their summer green,
Then drained of colour hid the neutral earth,
Would keep his secret.

Beyond the ridge, across the slanting rays
Of the heatless sun, Siegfried the Glory stood
Under the broken shadow of the beeches.
The taut seam with the braided wire glittered
Against the outline of his shoulder-blade
In the crystal light.
He did not look behind
But swung down the reverse slope to the gully
Following the path buried in sodden mast
Until he came to a pool where last year's rushes
Had dammed the brook. Kneeling, he bent his head,
And cupped the stagnant water with his hand
And drank.
Then Hagen threw the spear.
He gave no cry
Though the marrow cracked, but fell face down in the marl
Among the cat-tails. The sky blotted out, quivered,
Returned casually in the ebb of the lapsed ripples,
And water spiders with furtive myriad eyes
Peered tentatively from the shelter of the reeds
At the snarled hair and the thin skein of blood
That oozed from his nostrils in the swinging current.

Under the stones the speckled newts crept out,
Satin-webbed, sure, with orange flash of belly
As they slipped between the reed halms, the lean jaws drawn
To the curdled froth spreading below the duckweed.

II

The old legends take their dark turnings
In the minds of men and through the

centuries
And across the barrier of tongues. Did a man die?
What was the occurrence? What the actual event?—
A trivial fact, or a quick and brutal murder, or perhaps nothing?
For who can tell what may come out of the time-web,
The ineluctable spinning of the past?

"Gilman, what did Siegfried wear on his back?"
"Wasn't it a coat of mail, sir?"
"It was not. Sit down!
You're unprepared again. It's in the book
On page 408 if you'd take the trouble to read it.
How can you expect to pass if you don't read the notes?
I suppose you still think some day you'll get to Harvard.
Well, you'll not at this rate.
Class, take out your books.
Turn to the index. There it is. You see?
'A hunter's tunic with an embroidered cross
Stitched on the back to mark where he was vulnerable.'
Who followed after him?
Hurd? Absent again.
Nichols?
You don't know either?
Yes, you're right, Johnson,
But wait until you're called on.
Hagen, of course!"
(The hissing beech leaves and the dead bird's cry.)

Past the lapsed count of the forgotten eras,
Beyond the Atlantic, the myth renews itself
In the bright transience of a New England spring.
All suddenness that quick New England spring,
So short, so short. There is no time to grasp it,
No time before the lilac bloom is by
And in one late May week the pavement

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scattered
With the blown petals of the chestnut flowers.
The setting: a back street in Roxbury, rows
Of angular lodging houses with fretwork doorways
And mansard roofs, and signs of Room & Board
In the lace-curtained bay windows. Then a fence,
And beyond the fence a grey clapboard schoolhouse,
Two-storied, seedy, the paint flaking off in blisters.
Inside, the stairs are hollowed by the footsteps of years
Through the passage rancid with the compound smell
Of chalk, cannel coal, floor oil in the pores of the wood,
Paste, mould and a stale whiff of ammonia.
The classroom: over the door a bust of Homer
Like meerschaum under its annual layers of coal dust,
And on a bracket in one corner the Winged Mercury,
A wing missing from his foot, and in the other
Young plaster David with Goliath's head;
Above the fireplace in crabbed Greek
The chipped and faded letters: *sophrosune.*

Through the last hour of the afternoon
The master's voice drags on, old Baldy Gleason
Shuffling his little cards, asking us questions
As our names come up; we counting out the gap
Till the last bell, and scarcely hearing him,
Indifferent to those stories badly told
In *Gayley's Classic Myths*—while in the yard
The May wind skitters in the poplar catkins
And the back street is full of summer sounds,
Rag pedlars' carts, children on roller skates,
The amorous sparrows brawling in the gutters.
What meaning could those worn-out legends have
With the spring creeping into the fusty room,
Obliterating past and future together?
Minute by minute the brass wall pendulum ticks
As if time were running down. Yet in three minutes
The long hand will reach the zenith, Baldy close his book,
And the desk covers bang shut. We shall be free
For the insistent weather that fills our blood.
This close immediacy of the afternoon,
This Now is all that matters in the world,
This spring, this last of May that never passes,
This timeless moment—twenty years ago!

III

On this wet February afternoon
An hour ago I crossed the Dutch frontier
Over the broken customs barriers
To Northwest Germany. Through the slashing rain
I inched the Humber along the pulped Cleves road
Peering out from the rectangular steel slits
Of my abbreviated iron world
At the concrete dragons' teeth of the Siegfried Line
Where some soldier humourist had stretched a rope
And pegged his woolen underdrawers on it
And labelled them 'The Wash' for a vapid dance tune
Popular the first autumn of the war.

The soggy fields are full of skeletons
Of crashed gliders, the canvas-protruding ribs
Flapping gustily in each swing of the wind—
Angular mementoes of the attack that failed

At Arnhem that one week before the bridge.
In the shelled furrows of trampled winter wheat
The black and white cattle lie with swollen bellies,
Too cold to rot much yet. Only the stench
Of burnt grain mixes with the mortar smoke.
Discarded images screen past my eyes;
A Prussian eagle with its swastika
Stencilled over a door, a post on which
Is an impaled sow's head wearing a German helmet,
Abandoned Wehrmacht vehicles, the returning sparrows,
A brick wall painted 'Sieg oder Siberien'.

Just beyond Cleves I passed a stucco farmhouse
Its rooftree snapped, straw wisping from under the tiles,
And the front wall sheared away; a room open
As if it were a doll's house or the stage
Set for the second act of *Fuhrmann Henschel.*
It was a dining room papered in pink
With a border of cherries around the edge of the ceiling,
The table still in place and over it
An electric fixture dangling by its wire
With the low candlepower bulb still in the socket
Unbroken, symbol of a peasant's thrift—
And the rest of the house destroyed.
Near the road's turning
There were three new graves in an orchard. The Highland Division
Had taken the village yesterday afternoon,
And buried these in the rain under a pear tree,
Nailing loose boards together for 9 markers
And setting a helmet on top of each makeshift cross.
One cross had a balmoral with the red hackle
Of the Black Watch, and I remembering them
Stopped the Humber. But looking through the slit
I could not make out the name for the mud on the glass,
Only 'Lance Corporal' and under it 'Inverness'.
I spent my last day's leave in Inverness
On a windy August morning when the cloud rack
Moved sullenly on the hills. Yet the sun shone through
To the river and the iron bridge, and the air blew clear
In the shifting light of that quiet morning hour
Before the shopkeepers had taken down their shutters.
I wondered if the corporal had stood on that same bridge;
Then fearing pathetic fallacies drove on.

Here in the day's end and the falling rain
I scuff the beech leaves underneath my feet
Where at first light the Somersets moved up
From their slit trenches.
This is the mis-en-scène of a battlefield,
The staged obscenity in the trampled leaves:
Earth dug in rectangles with German neatness,
Hand grenades stacked in a row, the sods piled,
As if it were a training exercise
Suddenly interrupted; the ground itself
Littered with greatcoats, webbing, cartridge cases,
Rifles with broken stocks, bandages, gas masks,
Ripped bloody tunics, concertina wire,
Bodies and turds in alternate mushroom patterns.
These dead seem smaller than life, awkward dummies
Sprawled in the mud. A man with his head blown off
Is too unreal. Hollywood could do better,
Enhance the terror and reduce the non-sequiturs.
Now the carriers joggle up with the fatigue parties

To gather the remaining bodies, truss them
in blankets
And cart them off. One can see the clay-
smeared boots
Protruding stiffly from the blanket ends.

Beyond the ditched tanks tangled in their
tracks
The gradient rises through these splintered
woods;
Beech, always beech, and an occasional
hemlock,
And never another tree. Here in the hol-
lows
The German outposts died and here they
lie,
Frozen grey lumps against the jagged
leaves,
Turned on their backs and looted—a stiff
hand raised
In waxy immobility, eyes opaque,
And no blemish perhaps but a hole in the
neck
Where the morning's rain has washed away
the blood.
Middle-aged men they are, scrawny, ersatz,
The last poor scrapings of the German
barrel,
Scarecrows in uniform who died there
knowing
There was no way out and that the war was
lost.
Their pilfered corpses face the rain half-
naked,
Trousers ripped open, pockets turned and
rifled,
The coiled gut bulging through the puck-
ered skin.
Beside them in the mud are pay books,
diaries,
Love letters, letters from home, snapshots
of families,
Of wives and children mixed with 'action'
photos,
The stylized tedium of the pornographic—
These too equally treasured with the rest.

On the downward slope the moist leaves
are silent
Under my feet. The war passed over here
Without a trace, except by this granite
ledge
Where a brook partially blocked by the
winter snow
Forms a pool. There is a corpse in the
water,
A German in a paratrooper's coat,
His pistol and cartridge clips beside him.
He slops on his belly,
A little man with greased untidy hair,
Face down in the muck, the back of his
head crushed in—
And the yellow hair strands swing gently
in cadence
With each casual eddy of the current.

Here is the beechwood where the yaffle
cried.
Here the tracker found his quarry. Here
again
Across this mottled carpeting of leaves
The cycle repeats itself, water carries
blood,
Dissolving the past in a thin scarlet trickle
That drifts out of sight.
The brook quickens, flows down
Through the Reich Forest, past Lohen-
grin's tower
To the slate-green flood of the Rhine, past
royal Cleves,
Past Nijmegen where the surly river
widens
To the low countries, Dortrecht, Gelder-
land,
And the sad winding plain of North Bra-
bant
Where the Rhine becomes the Waal, and
further on
To the silted estuaries of the Schelde,
The beach grass and the broken line of
dunes
Along the salt gulf where the river ends.

FRANCIS RUSSELL

CORRESPONDENCE

MAY I COMMENT on Harry Elmer Barnes' essay, "The End of Old America" in the Spring issue of MODERN AGE?

Mr. Barnes' thesis, that President Roosevelt withheld foreknowledge of the Japanese carrier attack upon Pearl Harbor, is one of a pair of old and tired stories. The other is that Admiral Kimmel, Commander-in-Chief of the Pacific Fleet in 1941, was somehow responsible for the debacle.

These are, of course, opposing views, and it is unlikely that any one person holds both, though it is likely that most people who have any opinion whatsoever hold one view or the other.

It is my purpose here to put in a word for both the accused, Mr. Roosevelt and Admiral Kimmel. The Admiral first.

According to the Admiral's critics, he should have been ready, his guns manned, his fleet at sea or dispersed to various harbors, when the Japanese carrier force struck. The war warning from Washington and the general darkening scene in Asia are the chief reasons given to substantiate this view.

But this view ignores the fact that Kimmel did not know when the Japanese were going to strike (if at all), or where. The war warning message from the Navy Department came late in November, on the 26th. Twelve days were yet to pass before the Japanese attack. Assume that Kimmel had taken his whole fleet to sea on receipt of that message. Days would have passed, and nothing would have happened — except that his ships would run short of fuel and provisions. They were not atomic powered and couldn't keep the sea indefinitely, nor, in 1941, did we have enough fast fleet oilers and supply ships to replenish them at sea. The ships would have had to return to port, just about in time to receive the attack which came on December 7 — and more ships would likely have been there than actually were that day.

It is no argument to say that the ships should have been dispersed to many other ports, for aside from Pearl there were no other ports equipped to handle the fleet nearer than those on the California coast, 2000 miles distant. Kimmel's predecessor, Admiral Richardson, had been fired by FDR because he had insisted on using those ports rather than Pearl, so it was evident that the President would not have approved Kimmel's using them. We might state, parenthetically, that except for the battleships, which were much older than his other ships and too slow to accompany them on high-speed missions, a good portion of the Pacific Fleet was at sea when the attack came. Considering the forces available to him (which were inferior to those of Japan), the tasks assigned to him (including training crews for ships in the Atlantic), and the information provided him, Admiral Kimmel did the very best that

any commander could have done.

That brings up the question, could he have been provided with more information? The question has been answered both ways, with Mr. Barnes taking the affirmative. We don't wish to take issue on the whole question. We do wish to discuss part of it: whether or not President Roosevelt deliberately withheld information he had about the impending Japanese carrier attack upon the fleet at Pearl Harbor.

There is no question that the President wished to bring this country into the war being waged in the Atlantic and in Europe against Hitler. And there is a lot to suggest that he was goading Japan into war, hoping to bring us into the European-Atlantic affair via the back door. But to proceed from there to the assumption that he deliberately withheld from Kimmel and General Short forcknowledge of the Japanese plans is absurd.

It is difficult to begin with to believe that FDR would have used his beloved ships as bait for such an attack, though perhaps possible if we consider him simply a cold-blooded schemer.

But keep in mind that it simply wasn't necessary for any ships to be in Pearl Harbor for the Japanese attacks to precipitate war. Had there been no ships there, the Japanese attack would still have been cause for war.

Further, could the US have won a resounding naval victory in the Pacific at the very outset of war with Japan, we could have got on with the business in the Atlantic and Europe, which was FDR's chief concern; there would have been no frantic need to divert powerful forces to the Pacific. And we might have won such a victory had Kimmel and Short been warned of the approach of Nagumo's task force, which comprised the heart of Japanese power.

Those eight battleships sunk or damaged at Pearl Harbor made up the bulk of our battle line; it should be recalled that in those days we believed the battle line to be the one essential of naval power. No one, be he cold-hearted schemer or hot-blooded romanticist, goes to war with the knowledge that the force he relies on for victory is going to be destroyed at the outset — that is, unless he wishes the foe, Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan, to win the war.

Mr. Roosevelt, probably justly, has been accused of many things. But not of being a Nazi sympathizer or of wishing for an Axis victory.

I am agreed with Mr. Barnes that the crucial failures in the Pearl Harbor case occurred, not at Pearl, but in Washington. But I do think he's got to search further than he has before he finds them.

— FRANK UHLIG, JR.
Editor, OUR NAVY, Inc.
Brooklyn, New York

IN YOUR SPRING 1958 issue, there appeared a thought-provoking and quite unorthodox article by Dr. Slobodan M. Draskovich, regarding Communism and Milovan Djilas, the "socialist" arch-heresiarch. The questions Dr. Draskovich raises certainly are worth discussion and very necessary in our time, but I do think that, in his anti-Bolshevik zeal, the good Serb royalist misses the lesson ex-comrade Djilas proclaims in both his *New Leader* article and in *The New Class.*

After re-reading both thoroughly, I am still of the opinion that although Djilas did not mean to place himself irrevocably outside the Titoist-Communist camp, it is evident that, despite his original intention, he has done just that. In the heat of his wrath against Communism's inherent evils, Djilas finally overreached himself and has wound up somewhere between so-called "national Communism," a unique Yugoslav sort of centrist Menshevism, and the un-Marxian German Social-Democratic right-wing! True, he is hardly the good social-democratic republican some eager circles would have him; neither, however, is he

the partly-sinister "deviationist" Communist Dr. Draskovich has pictured in "The Case of Milovan Djilas." One must realize that, after travelling the Communist road the greater part of his life, Djilas may need an equally long time to find his way out of the maze labelled "Marxist—Leninism." These things do not take place overnight, and I am of the opinion that, as in the case of any new convert or neophyte, we should give him a chance. We should thank God for the Djilases in the Soviet empire; but, as Dr. Draskovich indicates, we should not fall for the illogical theses of a tortured mind in ideological transit.

— CHARLES E. WINGENBACH
Washington, D. C.

ONE DOES NOT DOUBT that the objective of living together rather than dying together is an end that is devoutly desired by everyone, except, perhaps, a lunatic or bitter-fringer. But a void is not necessarily more harmful than ill-directed force. I think, for instance, of a Presbyterian missionary, quoted in the May 17 *New Yorker*, who said, "It's not a question of whether to seek a better organization than the U.N., but of whether to accept it or have nothing at all. We must live with other peoples or cease to live."

A cessation of atom- and hydrogen-bomb testing and stockpiling would be welcome. But what method to that objective is it possible to effect? This is the issue which confronts civilization; and it is a deterrent, rather than an aid, to its solution for men of Dr. Albert Schweitzer's stature to divert mankind's attention to the unproven proposition that mere good-will and trust can substitute for military defenses. . . . Happily the foreign policy issue of MODERN AGE evidenced the freedom from this error of its contributors and editors.

— DEAN TERRILL
Chicago, Illinois

NEWS AND NOTES

These notes are written as our review finishes its first year of publication. Subscription renewals are coming in satisfactorily; and although MODERN AGE remains financially poor as any churchmouse, our influence and circulation continue to grow. We are grateful for any donations to our general publication fund, from a dollar upward. And—what a good many of our readers already have done—you can help us mightily if you give a subscription to this magazine to a public or institutional library, or to a friend. We will also be grateful if you will send us the names of persons whom you think might be seriously interested in subscribing; we have available a limited number of copies of one of our back issues—printed for this purpose—which we will send, free of charge, to people so far unacquainted with our magazine, but whose interests seem to make them likely prospects for our subscription list.

The editor of MODERN AGE, Mr. Russell Kirk, will give six lectures—one a month—on "Twentieth-Century Conservatives", at the New School for Social Research, 66 West Twelfth Street, New York 11, commencing Monday, December 8, and continuing on the second Monday of every month until May 11. He will discuss the ideas of Eliseo Vivas, Richard Weaver, T. S. Eliot, R. A. Nisbet, Wilhelm Roepke, Eric Voegelin, Evelyn Waugh, and several others. Tickets may be obtained for the series from the offices of the New School, or at the door

Through the Speakers' Bureau of the Adult Education Council of Greater Chicago (53 W. Jackson Boulevard, Chicago 4), Mr. Kirk is available for a limited number of speaking-engagements in various parts of the country, from December, 1958, through June, 1959. Inquiries should be addressed to the Adult Education Council.

The editors of MODERN AGE plan to shape most numbers of this review about some especial theme. In the next number—Winter 1958-59—the general topic will be humane politics; in the Spring issue, humane letters. There will be later numbers on France, on the state of our schools, and on humane political economy.

This present number of MODERN AGE is concerned principally with the life and the mind of the Southern States; and possibly this is the first number of a serious quarterly published in the North to be devoted, critically and sympathetically, to the South, for these many years past. Most of the contributors to this issue are Southerners; their opinions vary widely. One of the most striking intellectual phenomena of our century is the vigor and imagination displayed by Southern writers, despite the concentration of publishing and the book-reviewing media and the influential news-

paper press in the Northeastern States.

The editors of MODERN AGE hope to publish later numbers of this journal concerned with other American regions and their culture. The next region to be considered, probably—perhaps a year from now—will be that vaguely-defined territory generally called the Middle West.

The Reverend Bernard Iddings Bell, perhaps the best-known of MODERN AGE's editorial advisors, died in Chicago on September 6, after a long and distinguished career as Episcopalian clergyman and as writer. Canon Bell was the author, in addition to several influential religious works, of *Crowd Culture* and of *Crisis in Education.* For many years his was the most eloquent voice, within the Episcopal Church, for an elevated and imaginative orthodoxy; and in the nation, for a conservative reform of schools, colleges, and universities. Earlier in life, he was dean of a cathedral and president of St. Stephen's College, Columbia University; and until recent years, advisor to Episcopalian students at the University of Chicago. As teacher, preacher, theologian, and journalist, he exercised a direct influence upon the rising generation which few men in this century have equalled.

"Norms, Conventions, and the South" on page 338 was the first of the 1958 Dancy Lectures given by the editor of MODERN AGE at Alabama College.

Because of the consistently high quality, and therefore cost, both of production and material used in publishing MODERN AGE, and in view of the necessity of making MODERN AGE pay its own way, the editors find it necessary to announce a price increase to $4.00 the year, $1.25 the copy, effective with the Winter 1958-59 issue.

Present and charter subscribers may renew their subscriptions at the current rates, for a limited time only, at a considerable saving. Renewals made now will take effect with the issue following the expiration of current subscriptions.

The editors especially recommend renewing at the present three-year rate of $8.00, which represents a saving of over 15 per cent on the new rate. The renewal card bound in this issue may be used to extend your current subscription.

Clergymen of conservative social opinions recently formed a discussion group, called The Remnant, "non-denominational in scope, scholarly in interest, and country-wide." The Remnant sponsors occasional conferences and retreats, "to take an earnest look at the problems of political and social organization in the light of Christian truth." Information may be obtained from the Reverend Edmund Opitz, 30 South Broadway, Irvington-on-Hudson, New York.

Mr. Opitz recently published an interesting essay, "Perspective on the Natural Law", between the same covers with a companion-piece by Mr. Edward F. Barrett, "The Natural Law and the Lawyer's Search for a Philosophy of Law". Copies may be obtained from The Intercollegiate Society of Individualists, Inc., 407 Lafayette Building, Philadelphia 6.

The editor of MODERN AGE will be abroad—principally in England, Scotland, Austria, and Spain—until the middle of December. We suggest, therefore, that prospective contributors to the pages of this magazine send no more manuscripts for consideration to our offices until December 15, when Mr. Kirk can begin to read them again. All manuscripts receive the personal attention of the editor.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Charles G. Bell, whose poetry was discussed in the Summer number of MODERN AGE, is a member of the faculty of St. John's College, in Maryland.

Christine Benagh lives in Nashville, Tennessee.

Nelson Bentley, of the department of English at the University of Washington, contributes verse to *Poetry* and other magazines.

Brainard Cheney, novelist and critic, is now on the staff of the Governor of Tennessee.

Dr. Kenneth Colegrove is professor emeritus of political science, Northwestern University.

Captain John Court is a naval officer, at present stationed at Norfolk, Virginia.

Dr. Donald Davidson, the author of *Still Rebels, Still Yankees,* is professor of English at Vanderbilt University.

David Cornel DeJong, one of the most widely-published of the younger American poets, lives in Providence, Rhode Island.

Robert Y. Drake, a Tennessean, is an instructor in English at Northwestern University.

Dr. Marshall Fishwick, of Washington and Lee University, is the author of *The Virginia Tradition, American Heroes,* and several other books.

Dr. Kelsie B. Harder is professor of English at Youngstown University; he is a native of Tennessee.

C. P. Ives, of the Baltimore *Sun,* recently finished writing a book on the tendency of juridical thought in America.

William McCann, the editor of *Ambrose Bierce's Civil War,* is chief underwriter of the Michigan State Accident Fund.

Dr. Robert J. Needles is a physician of St. Petersburg, Florida.

Larry Rubin, whose poems have been published in several national magazines, is completing work for his doctoral degree at Emory University, Georgia.

Dr. Louis D. Rubin, Jr., teaches English at Hollins College, Virginia.

Francis Russell, author of *Studies in Obscurity* and contributor to many periodicals, lives in Massachusetts.

Dr. Edward Stone is chairman of the department of English, Ohio University.

Arthur Styron is the author of *The Cast-Iron Man,* a life of Calhoun.

Benjamin Casanas Toledano is a young lawyer of New Orleans.

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